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DECEMBER 27, 1971

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LETTERS

Power on the Subcontinent

Sir: The war between India and Pakistan [Dec. 6] is, in reality, not for the benefit of the Bangladeshi refugees, but to determine once and for all the sole power on the subcontinent and put the Soviets in a better position against China.

If India succeeds in overrunning East Pakistan, it is probable that the Bangladeshi nation will be born, leaving West Pakistan but a minor power to be reckoned with. In this way, India will also strengthen her position against China by eliminating an ally of the Chinese and a threat to her flanks. The Soviets will benefit not only by securing bases to operate a will in the strategically important Indian Ocean, but also by obtaining a stronger position to contain the Chinese.

MARK E. SINGER
Champaign, Ill.

Sir: I am at a loss to understand how it serves the interests of this country to befriend the theocratic dictatorship, Pakistan, against democratic India. It is true that Pakistan once provided us with a base for flying U-2 spy missions over the Soviet Union. But since then, she has been blackmailing us continually into giving her sophisticated weaponry by threatening to go over to Communist China. It is well known that not one shot was fired by us to Pakistan has ever been used against the Communists. The arms have always been used against India, and lately against the Bengalis in the East. We must revise our policies before we have irretrievably pushed India into the Soviet orbit, thus imperiling democracy in Asia.

A. DATTA
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir: I can already see the Statue of Liberty in tears over the hypocrisy of the U.S. Government. I am, however, heartened by the moral support of the American people in general for the cause of Bangladesh. It seems that there is a yawning gap between the conscience of the American people and the policy of their Government.

RAJEEV K. MAHajan
New Delhi

Sir: Which of the two events should be more alarming—a clash between two armies resulting in a few hundred deaths, or the systematic killing of a million innocent people? If world leaders were more pragmatic, the double tragedy could have been avoided long ago.

SHYAM B. BHANDARI
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir: For some it is fairly easy to put blame on India for the deterioration of the situation in the subcontinent. However, these observers seem to overlook the fact that India has acted with restraint and patience for the last nine months, struggling hard to feed, shelter and cure the 10 million extra people in the already overcrowded country while the world "watched."

MAHESH C. BHARDWAJ
Lexington, Ky.

Sir: May I comment on the unbelievable restraint exercised by President Yahya Khan in the face of continuous provocations by India. Each and every Pakistani proposition was rejected by the

"peace-loving" followers of Mahatma Gandhi. Was there ever a better example of dire contradiction in the sayings and actions of a civilized government?

S.N. AHMAD
Zurich

The Live War

Sir: President Nixon has stated that the U.S. ground combat role has ended in Viet Nam [Nov. 22]. We grunts feel that since we are still out in the bush, we should at least get credit for it or be pulled out. Instead, people back home get the impression that we're sitting on fire bases playing volleyball and getting stoned.

There are still Americans being killed and wounded out here, so to us the war is still very much alive.

SP/4 J.P. CAMPBELL
and the men of
Delta Company
2/8 Ist Cav. Div.

Sir: I wonder what our American P.O.W.s still being held in North Viet Nam think about this "Doppler war" that "recedes" into the past [Dec. 6]. This will be my husband's seventh Christmas as a P.O.W. If all the men being held were sons of our esteemed Congressmen, I wonder if my man would be experiencing the Doppler effect at home this Christmas. I guess you could call this my Christmas wonder.

MRS. JAMES BOND STOCKDALE
Coronado, Calif.

Sir: Let's get one thing perfectly clear: even after the American ground troops have left Viet Nam, American soldiers will still be there fighting from the air.

BLASE DiSTEFANO
Houston

Desert Fox or Dead Lion?

Sir: Having served in Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps (1941-43), I think I know somewhat more about him than some current historians [Nov. 29]. Indeed Rommel was not successful strategist, but he was a brilliant tactician. His campaign in North Africa is legendary and still unequalled. But those junior generals of today sometimes think they know better 27 years after Rommel's death. Are they kicking a dead lion with the hind leg?

OTTO BUCHINGER, M.D.
Bad Pyrmont, West Germany

Hidel The Treadmill

Sir: Psychologist Edward de Bono [Dec. 6] must indeed be a young man to claim there is no dog-exercising machine.

Back in the early 1920s, when I was a youngster growing up in the hills of western New York State, our neighboring farmer had one. He put it to good use too. It was a treadmill affair for churning butter. Whenever he got it ready to use, the big collie dog would bolt out of the house and hide in the barn.

My sympathies were with the dog. I had to churn by hand.

FRANK M. BIRCH, D.V.M.
Warsaw, Ind.

Insult to Motherhood

Sir: Your story "First No to Sex Bias" [Dec. 6] says somewhat disapprovingly that the courts have upheld laws that forbid

women to work as bartenders. If a man bartender becomes rude or obnoxious, one can always slug him over the head with a beer bottle, but what do you do to a woman bartender under similar circumstances? Women tending bar are an insult to motherhood. They should be home looking after their children.

MICHAEL ZIAS
Bradford, Pa.

Majority Rule in Rhodesia

Sir: TIME's report on Rhodesia [Dec. 6] states that the procedure agreed to by Premier Ian Smith and Sir Alec Douglas-Home "gives the whites an effective veto at the crucial final stage" in progress toward majority rule.

The proposals are complicated. The creation, following parity, of the ten Common Roll seats through which majority rule will be achieved will be written into the constitution. Alternative arrangements can be substituted only by amending the constitution, which would require a two-thirds majority in each house of the Rhodesian Parliament. Such a majority would need at least 17 African votes in the House of Assembly. Thus it is the Africans who have the "effective veto" on any proposals that would frustrate majority rule.

SIR COLIN CROWE
Permanent Representative of the
United Kingdom to the United Nations
New York City

The Trouble with Scrooge

Sir: It being that time of the year again, I thought it extremely appropriate for TIME to expose Christmas greeting cards for exactly what they are worth [Dec. 6].

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I have sent these meaningless cards for years and only very recently realized the alternatives. To my favorite charities, I will henceforth donate a sum equal to what my cards would have cost this year. Scrooge would not have been so bad after all, if only he had given his money away to those less fortunate than himself. I now know how he would have felt had he done so.

B.J. MITCHELL
New York City

The Hazard of the Anti-Hero

Sir: "The Bandit Who Went Out into the Cold" [Dec. 6] does journalism an injustice by creating an anti-hero. "D.B. Cooper," the parachuting skyjacker, prints out as a courageous, daring individual. Let us pray that in the next instance God is the copilot and no lives are lost, and let us treat the recent case for what it was: a serious crime. As a commercial airline pilot, I feel my chances of being hijacked are enhanced by such reporting.

MICHAEL R. BEVER
Londonderry, N.H.

Man of the Year Nominations

Sir: Man of the Year? Henry Kissinger, who has been instrumental in moving the world toward a historic rapprochement.

LARRY BAUER
Cleveland

Sir: Edward Finch Cox, living symbol of the dreams and aspirations of millions of decent young Americans. What divine justice that this young man, who refused to

betray the values his forefathers cherished, should be rewarded with the hand of America's own princess, Tricia Nixon.

ALAN SPALDING
Durham, N.H.

Sir: Our Supreme Court Justices. They upheld one of our most basic tenets for existence as a free state: freedom of the press.

PHIL ENOS
Fresno, Calif.

Sir: My choice for TIME's Man of the Year: Danny Murtaugh, manager of the World Champion Pittsburgh Pirates.

ISRAEL GOODMAN
Louisville, Colo.

Sir: George Harrison, the musician who tied together his friends, fame, talent and human concern to the benefit of the Pakistani refugees.

JOEL F. GLAZIER
Wilmington, Del.

Sir: My nomination for the Man of the Year is Lee Trevino, because he brought laughter, excitement and suspense to many, many millions of people.

JESSE AGUIRRE
Garland, Texas

Sir: Our policemen as Men of the Year. Twenty-four hours a day they place their lives on the line for the citizens of this country. How many people could or would take the risks and indignities that each lawman has thrust upon him daily?

ELIZABETH I. STRANG
Burbank, Calif.

Sir: Gloria Steinem: Ms. of the Year.
MICHAEL REARDON
Billings, Mont.

Sir: I nominate Premier Golda Meir, of whom Ben-Gurion once said, "She is the best man in my Cabinet," as the Woman of the Year. Troubled by foreign and domestic problems, she has succeeded admirably in keeping her ship of state afloat.

GEORGE TOPAS
Lakewood, N.J.

Sir: Man of the Year: Spiro Agnew. No particular reason.

THOMAS L. FRAZER
Arvada, Colo.

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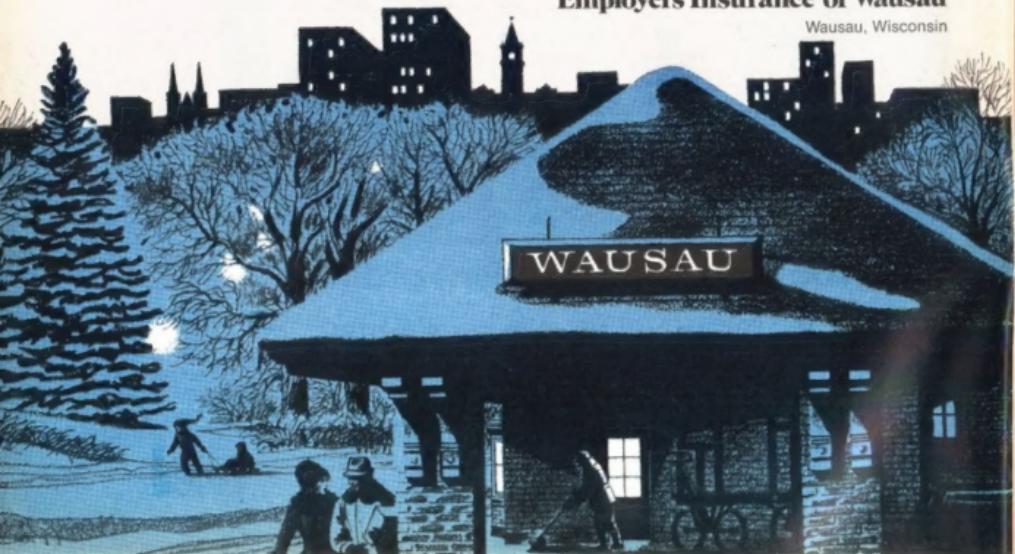
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TIME & LIFE BUILDING IN HOLIDAY DRESS

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

WITH
BEST WISHES
FOR A
MERRY
CHRISTMAS
AND A
HAPPY
NEW YEAR

The Cover: Stained glass design for Time by Leandro Velasco of the Rambusch Studio.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

White House Christmas

Americans rarely get a close-up look inside the Executive Mansion. Harry Truman showed television viewers around the newly renovated White House in 1952; since then, Jacqueline Kennedy, Lady Bird Johnson and Tricia Nixon have taken the nation on similarly memorable televised tours. This Christmas season, CBS cameramen and reporters were allowed into the secluded second-floor family living quarters to record White House preparations for the holidays. Viewers will see the Nixons' private tree; they will watch as Son-in-Law Eddie Cox is welcomed for his first Christmas at the White House, and get an unusual peek into the First Family's album of Christmases past. Most remarkable, however, is the spectacle of a nattily dressed Richard Nixon romping on the sitting-room floor with his dogs, King Timahoe, an Irish setter, Vicky, a gray miniature poodle and Pasha, a Yorkshire terrier. The President, doubtless mindful of the outcry when his predecessor tugged on canine ears, scrupulously confined his gestures of affection toward King Timahoe to playful pats.

Huey Newton Freed

More than four years ago, Oakland Police Officer John Frey died on a main thoroughfare of four bullet wounds. Charged with his murder was Huey P. Newton, co-founder of the then fledgling, largely unknown Black Panther Party. In the intervening years, Newton was convicted, spent 33 months in prison, had his conviction overturned on appeal, and had hung juries force two mistrials. With the last mistrial, Alameda County authorities dropped all charges against Newton. The radical chant "Free Huey!" has at last passed into history.

Before the chant died, however, Newton and the Black Panthers had become an almost mythic element in the conflict that separates black American from white, the dissenters from the accepting. For a time, depending upon the point of view, Newton was either a radical martyr or a symbol of the winds of destruction. In the end, he was both and he was neither; symbolism overtook reality. In the passions on both sides, there were but few who remembered the death of one man, or the four years of anguish and uncertainty suffered by another man charged with that death.

Fireman's Holiday

In the firehouses of Norman Rockwell's bucolic America, firemen passed the hours between alarms playing checkers and showing off the polished brass and bright red trucks to wide-eyed young visitors. But for the volunteer firemen of Genoa, Texas, in suburban Houston, that was not enough. In the past three years, eight bored Genoa firemen have set about 40 fires in abandoned buildings and grass fields. As soon as the blazes were going, the arsonists would dash back to the firehouse and rush off to put out their own fires.

The Genoa firemen were quite busy until they made the mistake of setting fire to a barn owned by the brother of a Houston fire department official. An investigation of the blaze led to the Genoa firehouse, and the overeager fire fighters were exposed. Explained one of the firemen charged last week with arson: "We'd hang around the station on the night shift without a thing to do. We just wanted to get the red light flashing and the bells clanging."

Tax Heaven

The name itself, Rolling Meadows, is redolent of Elysium. For its taxpayers, Rolling Meadows, Ill., is heaven: the city property tax has been abolished. The small (pop. 19,000) Chicago suburb is a beneficiary of an Illinois law that allows municipalities to collect a portion of state sales tax on goods billed within the community. With the \$1.2 million collected each year on the sales of products of such corporate neighbors as Western Electric and Hallicrafters, which have sales offices there, Rolling Meadows does better than make ends meet.

The city has put its policemen in air-conditioned patrol cars, abated \$115,000 in municipal library taxes, built a \$350,000 addition to its city hall and started work on a \$5,000,000 program for water-system improvements. But the most unusual advancement is one of the country's finest fleets of garbage trucks: four Mercedes-Benz trash haulers that cost \$23,000 each. Can Rolls-Royce buses be far behind?



Dollars and Diplomacy: A New Reality

THE sanctity of the dollar has been virtually an article of the American faith. Fewer and fewer in the land still remember the grim days of the Great Depression, when Franklin Roosevelt took the dollar off the gold standard, shocking the hard-money stalwarts in their plush club chairs around the U.S. Since then, however, Americans have grown accustomed to looking on smugly as other nations—among them proud England and mercurial France—devalued their currencies relative to the unchang-

ing dollar free from a fixed gold price last summer. Nixon proclaimed, with considerable overstatement, "the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world." What had happened was important, but not quite so portentous as that: the U.S. will devalue the dollar by 8.6% (see *THE ECONOMY*). Most other nations in the Group of Ten will shift their own currencies about, and the temporary U.S. import surcharge will be dropped.

Of the dollar's devaluation, one might have said with Caesar: "The breaking of so great a thing should make a greater crack." In fact, the devaluation took place in relative calm; most inside the U.S. and abroad hailed it as a realistic first step toward a long overdue reorganization of a world monetary system that had not been overhauled since the Bretton Woods conference of 1944.

In a sense, the new monetary agreement is a victory for the U.S. The nation's wearying balance of payments problems should wane, and the relatively lower price of U.S. exports should make them more attractive in foreign markets. At the same time, though, the expense of keeping U.S. military forces abroad will grow (unless offset payments from host allies also increase). The devaluation thus could diminish the U.S. role in the world in blunt military terms—and psychologically as well. Yet if the humbling of the dollar seemed to diminish American eminence, it also demonstrated that the U.S. is increasingly learning to face the inevitable and measure its power more realistically.

As it happened, the devaluation coincided with another lesson in realism and a demonstration of scaled-down American influence overseas: the end of the two-week war between India and Pakistan (see *THE WORLD*). The conflict, which the U.S. had been powerless to stop or seriously affect, cast a shadow over Richard Nixon's subtropical round of summity.

There was not a great deal that the U.S. could have done to prevent the war, given the declining American influence in Asia and the passions on both sides. Still, within the room available to maneuver, the U.S. waited too long to cut off all arms aid to Pakistan and appeared clearly biased against India. As a result of the war, a vacuum has been created that the big pow-

ers will have to fill. While India will surely dominate the emerging state of Bangladesh, the Soviet Union and China are certain to look for whatever advantage they can find in a subcontinent prostrated by war, crippled by poverty and riddled with religious and ethnic hatreds. No one power will be able to move very far without being challenged by others. The U.S. will of course remain a force in South Asia, if only as a partial buffer to the ambitions of its rivals. But for the present, at least, Moscow had plainly benefitted from the war.

Genuine Concern. Some of these frustrations came to a head last week on the journey back from the Azores meeting. Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger expressed U.S. displeasure with Russia during a "deep background" briefing for the White House press pool aboard the *Spirit of '76*. He warned that if Moscow did not rein in New Delhi, the U.S. might have to reconsider the presidential visit to Russia next year—a trip that ranks, along with the China journey, as one of the two supersummits toward which much of the present round of preliminary summity is directed. When the *Washington Post* broke the rules and revealed that Kissinger was the source of the warning (see *THE PRESS*), the White House softened the statement somewhat. But the concern was genuine.

Détente is indivisible in the White House world view; that is the crux of Kissinger's longstanding concept of "linkage." The Russians or the Chinese cannot be granted concessions in one part of the world while they are making—or supporting—conflict in another part. The President scarcely wants to make historic trips to Moscow and Peking amid an unraveling international order. "We would go down in history as ridiculous globe-trotters," says a high Administration official.

Trees Planting. Yet Kissinger's effort to connect the world's crisis spots could prove ineffective. The Soviets play a contrasting game. While they have signed an agreement on Berlin with the West, pushed ahead with SALT talks, and called for *détente* in Europe, they have steadily increased their weaponry, armed the Egyptians to the teeth, and backed India to the hilt in its war with Pakistan. As fast as the U.S. tries to link these issues, the Russians break the chain.

President Nixon, pressing on with his summit tour, would not entirely escape these nagging, momentous concerns during his meeting this week with Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath. But with the immediate international monetary crisis well in sight of solution, Nixon could only find the Bermudian sun and ceremony relaxing. One of his duties, following the talks with Heath: to plant a



NIXON ANNOUNCING DEVALUATION
A victory, but not without cost.

ing dollar. Last week the long-unthinkable finally happened: President Nixon announced that the dollar would be devalued.

The first formal declaration came at a summit meeting in the Azores with French President Georges Pompidou, long a critic of U.S. monetary policies, who argued for devaluation and an end to the 10% import surtax imposed by Nixon in August. Nixon was ready to agree. Then, at week's end, he stepped beneath the Wright brothers' 1903 biplane in Washington's Smithsonian Institution. Near by, the finance ministers of the world's ten greatest Western industrial powers had been meeting for two days to complete the latest round of negotiations begun after the U.S.

tree on the grounds of Government House. It was not a bad place from which to contemplate the new dollar and the other new, still uncertain realities ahead.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Two-Fifths Thaw

When Philip Fecteau picked up the phone last week, he was sure it was another hoax. Someone on the other end who said he was Henry Kissinger told him that his son Richard would be released from a Chinese prison the next day. Philip hung up without giving the call much thought. Still, the man had a German accent. Was it possible? It was indeed. The following day the Chinese freed Richard Fecteau after 19 years in prison; they also released a girl from Palo Alto, Calif., named Mary Ann Harbert, who was thought to have drowned off the coast of China almost four years ago.

The freeing of the two Americans was not a Yuletide gesture of Chinese humanitarianism. When Kissinger traveled to Peking last summer, he emphasized the President's desire to have the American prisoners freed. By releasing two of the five Americans who are known to be languishing in Chinese cells, Peking demonstrated that in one case, at least, it is willing to go two-thirds of the way toward a thaw with the U.S.

Thwarted Mission. Along with another American civilian, John Downey, Fecteau had been shot down over China during the Korean War. The Chinese claimed that the pair had flown eleven Nationalist agents into China and had returned to drop supplies when they were hit. Downey, now 41, the ranking man on the mission, was given a life sentence, while Fecteau, 43, got 20 years. At first, the U.S. contended that the pair had strayed by accident over

Chinese territory. Last week, the State Department avoided a direct answer to the espionage question, thus implying that the prisoners were indeed spies.

Mary Ann Harbert, 26, on the other hand, was not on any U.S. mission. She was aboard a pleasure yacht with a companion, Gerald McLaughlin, when the craft disappeared near Hong Kong in 1968, apparently sunk in a storm. Even Mary Ann's family gave her up for dead. In fact, the yacht had drifted into Chinese waters 15 miles south of Hong Kong. The Chinese, ever alert for prowlers, took the two prisoners, jailed them without charges and elected not to tell anybody about it. McLaughlin "behaved badly," according to his captors, and killed himself.

Forgotten English. On their return to the U.S., Fecteau and Mary Ann were thin and wan, but doctors pronounced them reasonably fit. While Mary Ann was chipper and talkative, Fecteau was withdrawn. He had a hard time getting used to sunlight. "I've got to learn to talk to people again," he told one of his State Department escorts. After speaking to him on the phone, his daughter Sidnie had the same thought: "He hasn't spoken English for so long he has forgotten a lot."

Neither Fecteau nor Mary Ann had harsh words for their captors, partly because they were warned not to say anything that might jeopardize the chances of the remaining American prisoners. Along with Downey, there are two airmen, Air Force Major Philip Smith and Navy Lieut. Robert Flynn, who were shot down during the Viet Nam War. When Fecteau was freed, the Chinese reduced Downey's sentence from life to five more years. But they may be reluctant to release the other Americans. They do not want to do anything more to offend their North Vietnamese allies, who are already alarmed by the forthcoming Nixon visit.



COLONEL ORAN HENDERSON

THE WAR

Court Adjourns on My Lai

The My Lai massacre of 1968 reverberated profoundly throughout the U.S. The trial and conviction of Lieut. William Calley Jr. divided the land as severely as any event of the Viet Nam War. Last week, more than three years after My Lai, the final court-martial arising from the killings came quietly to a close. After 62 days of trial and deliberation, a military jury took less than four hours to find Colonel Oran K. Henderson not guilty of covering up the tragedy.

The verdict on Henderson, who had become commander of the American Division's 11th Infantry Brigade just one day before the assault on the hamlet, came as no surprise. Last month, having earlier been acquitted of all charges relating to his role in the incident, former Captain Ernest Medina testified at Henderson's trial. He admitted that although his platoon leaders had told him that at least 106 Vietnamese had been killed, he informed Henderson that the casualties had numbered only 20 to 28, and that "I would not let anything like that happen." With Medina's testimony, the case against Henderson was seriously undermined. Of the 25 men who originally faced charges stemming from My Lai, six have come to trial. Of them, only Calley was convicted.

Henderson was not the only Army officer with cause to celebrate. The week before, his successor as commander of the 11th Brigade, Brigadier General John W. Donaldson, was exonerated by the Army equivalent of a grand jury of charges that he had murdered six Vietnamese civilians by shooting them from his helicopter (TIME, June 14). The incidents were not connected with My Lai and were alleged to have taken place several months later. After a four-month investigation, the charges against Donaldson, the highest-ranking officer to be accused of murdering Vietnamese civilians, were dropped.



RICHARD FECTEAU



MARY ANN HARBERT

Return from the dead.

POLITICS

McGovern Redux

Almost one year and \$1,000,000 ago, George McGovern launched what looked like a quixotic run for the Democratic presidential nomination. Since then he has traveled some 250,000 miles on the campaign circuit—mostly sideways. For all his efforts, Senator McGovern has climbed a minuscule 1%, from 3% to 4%, in the polls of Democratic and independent voters. He remains unfalteringly optimistic. "If autumn and early winter polls meant anything," he said recently, "then George Romney would now be in his third year in the White House." However engaging, the point is not particularly persuasive. With the primary sweepstakes but three months away, McGovern appears more a Rosinante than a viable dark horse.

Tall and ruggedly handsome, McGovern, as a campaigner, is still the low-key prairie politician who won office in South Dakota by hopping out of his car to talk to farmers in the fields. Though charming and often witty in conversation, he can be downright dull on the hustings. In deference to the youth vote, McGovern's hair has crept down over his collar and he has taken to wearing flashy mod clothes, but his failure to create any sense of drama about himself and his convictions is the despair of his staff.

More Left Than Lindsay. McGovern first came to national prominence as an opponent of the Viet Nam War, and he continues to promise that if elected he will stop the bombing, announce a date for total withdrawal, and negotiate for the release of all prisoners. These are important and legitimate points. But with most voters, President Nixon has probably succeeded in outflanking McGovern through his own withdrawal policies, and McGovern certainly is no longer isolated on the war from the other serious Democratic contenders for the nomination. With the exception of Washington's Henry Jackson, they have all adopted McGovern's original position, with only minor variations.

It is no longer fair to call McGovern a one-issue candidate. His stance on non-war issues still places him to the left of all the available Democrats, including New York City Mayor John Lindsay. McGovern supports a dividend freeze as well as a wage-price freeze, and a "guaranteed job" for every adult who wants one through government contracting with private industry for housing, transport and environmental projects. He advocates an "excess-war-profits tax" on corporations while the Viet Nam fighting lasts, a minimum income tax for the wealthy, a negative income tax for the poor, and reduced oil and gas depletion allowances. In foreign policy he takes the usual liberal positions; he is for selling planes to Israel, against aid to Rhodesia, sympathetic to Bengali independence.

Despite being in step with the par-

ty's left, McGovern has failed to excite it. "Right on" or not, he is unimpressive on many of the issues he addresses. He argues that he is qualified to see and solve urban problems because, as a country boy, he grew up "where the water is pure and the air is clean." That makes little dent on big city audiences of minority groups and impoverished whites. His view of the economy is largely that of a group of academic advisors, including Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith, who are helping to bolster his grasp of the subject.

McGovern, at one point, also counted heavily on the young to back him because of the war. The results have been somewhat disappointing. To be sure, his plan to grant general amnesty to all draft dodgers after the war ends gets cheers from college audiences; he went over so well at Illinois State University near Bloomington recently that the stu-

McGovern has begun hammering away at low corn prices and high interest rates for farmers. Recently he interrupted a week-long tour through the Midwest to jet back to Washington to vote against Nixon's nominee for Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz, who has little support among farmers. But whether he can count on any substantial backing from either group remains to be seen. He has also made some new allies among blacks after campaigning actively among them. On a four-day swing through California last week, he picked up commitments from three black state legislators to run on his slate in the California primary next June.

At the moment, McGovern's greatest plus is his organization. His Washington staff numbers about 80 and includes many former Kennedy and McCarthy volunteers. Leading the list of his political operatives are onetime Bobby

SEE PAGE



STUDENTS AT McGOVERN SPEECH NEAR BLOOMINGTON

More Rosinante than dark horse.

dent band played *Hail to the Chief* twice. Yet in an October sampling of newly eligible voters from 17 to 23 only 5% named him as their first choice: he ranked behind Kennedy, Muskie, Humphrey and Lindsay.

Gut Feeling. To broaden his base, McGovern has lately begun seeking allies among labor and reaching for the increasingly important farm vote. Until late last summer, he was on AFL-CIO Chief George Meany's blacklist. It was partly a matter of hawk against dove, but equally at issue was a little-noticed attack by McGovern, long remembered by Meany, on labor's opposition to the 1963 U.S. wheat sales to Russia. "That really stuck in his craw," McGovern says, "and I went over to see him and apologize." Last month, McGovern was the only Democratic presidential possibility to address the full AFL-CIO convention in Miami Beach; others were invited but did not attend.

The farm states are up for grabs, and

Kennedy Aides Frank Mankiewicz and Gary Hart. Having so many veterans at work has made for a fairly well-synchronized campaign. The scheduling and the advance work are tight, and there are always enough campaign buttons and literature on hand. Money, in the preprimary period, has not been a problem. A well-orchestrated drive for \$10 and \$20 subscriptions has kept the campaign in the black and accounted for the bulk of what he has spent thus far.

McGovern's gut feeling is that he will do respectfully in New Hampshire, and that the big money will start flowing in. Then he will move on to Florida and Wisconsin, where the strategy will be to appeal to youth, blacks, farmers and the urban poor—the kind of populist alliance that he needs to win the nomination. But it is a formula that has not worked well for him thus far, and it is hard to imagine McGovern forging in three months a coalition that has eluded him for the past year.

Gilligan's Dilemma

If Richard Nixon is to bid successfully for a second term in the White House, one of the key states he needs in November 1972 is Ohio; no Republican President has ever been elected without carrying it. Hardly a secret to the G.O.P., that axiom of American politics weighs most painfully at present in the mind of a Democrat, Ohio's red-haired Governor, John J. Gilligan. He faces a tough dilemma. Before he can hope to mount an effective campaign against a Republican presidential drive in his own state, he must make a crucial decision about which—if any—of the Democratic presidential hopefuls he will actively support.

Gilligan's deadline is almost at hand. The state-delegate filing law has the practical effect of forcing him, by Feb. 2, to declare support for one of the Democratic candidates or to remain uncommitted by asserting his own candidacy as a favorite son. Either course promises to be a rough one for Gilligan. By opting for one candidate, he would be dispersing the bargaining power of the 153-man Ohio delegation, fifth largest at the convention. On the other hand, if he chooses the increasingly unfashionable favorite-son road, he would diminish his personal reputation as a reformer, contravene the spirit of the broadening changes in delegate-selection rules formulated by the Democratic Party (TIME, Dec. 6) and risk attack for political bossism.

Bandwagon Wheels. It is an intriguing case study in the operation of the new Democratic guidelines. Of the present candidates, Muskie is Gilligan's favorite. At this stage, endorsement of Muskie would constitute the most powerful boost yet to his presidential chances, and provide wheels for a bandwagon. Gilligan's political clout with Ohio Democrats is such that an endorsement would do more for Muskie than the recently announced support by Senators John Tunney of California and Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire.

On the other hand, a Gilligan endorsement of Muskie would almost certainly bring into the Ohio May 2 primary every other serious Democratic contender. This would result in a run on the campaign chests of hard-pressed Democrats of perhaps as much as \$500,000 per candidate, and a bloody splintering of the state Democratic organization into brawling fieldbods. It would also divert some of Muskie's energies from the similarly critical primaries of Oregon and California.

Most of Ohio's labor and party leaders have indicated they lean heavily toward the favorite-son course. So have the party's county chairmen and the state's Democratic executive committee, who voted 98-14 for that strategy shortly before Thanksgiving. Gilligan has a cynical explanation for the ballot: "They want to be wined and dined all over Miami."

Gilligan will make a decision this week. He has had plenty of advice and company. Columbus is a frequent port of call for Mark Shields, political director for the Muskie campaign and a former Gilligan aide. Robert McAlister, who has built an impressive grass-roots organization for McGovern that numbers 7,000 volunteers throughout the state, apprehensively watches these comings and goings from his own Columbus office. Not to be kept out of things, Hubert Humphrey was in the state last week for hearings of a Senate rural poverty subcommittee. Henry Jackson's men have also been eying the state as a potential battleground.

ginning of an effort to get delegates. I don't know if you could call it a drive or not." The McCarthy faithful have long awaited his political renascence—but other Democrats are hardly likely to welcome another divisive figure into the ranks of candidates.

WELFARE

Small Step, Big Symbol

When the 92nd Congress convened last January, the Nixon Administration sought and got the designation of H.R. 1—the number given the first bill introduced in the House of Representatives—for the proposed Family Assistance Plan to reform the welfare system. In the months that followed, as taxpayer resentment of the existing system grew because of ever-mounting welfare costs, H.R. 1 wound up in legislative limbo, sacrificed to the Administration's new economic policies and old congressional rivalries. But the welfare issue has lost none of its emotional power. Before it adjourned last week, Congress acted: not on H.R. 1, but on an obscure Social Security bill; not to pass effective reform, only to make a largely symbolic gesture. The result could well complicate chances for passage of Nixon's far-reaching welfare-reorganization program.

The welfare measure passed last week came in the form of amendments to a bill covering Social Security survivors' benefits. Sponsored by Georgia Senator Herman Talmadge, the amendments say that some recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children funds must register for job training and referral programs. The concept of "workfare" has long been dear to critics anxious to cut welfare chislers from the relief rolls. It was a prime component of Nixon's reform package. The Talmadge amendments slightly beef up existing regulations requiring job registration for welfare recipients, but in fact they are not so stringent as some provisions of H.R. 1. For example, mothers with children under the age of six would be exempt under the Talmadge plan; the Nixon proposals exempt mothers whose children are three or under. Included in earlier Talmadge amendments to a tax bill was an incentive plan for businesses to hire welfare trainees; last week's amendments provide a new funding formula for on-the-job training. The new law will take 18 months to set up and, at that, is expected to increase the number of recipients registered for workfare by no more than 30,000.

Drawing Card. Oddly enough, the chief reservations expressed in Congress came not from Democratic welfare reformers, but from Republicans. Liberals considered the bill such a paper tiger that they did not bother to campaign against it, despite denunciations from welfare groups. Nixon supporters feared that the bill would worsen the odds for passage of H.R. 1. John Byrnes, ranking Republican on the House Ways and Means Committee, voted for the bill but lamented



GOVERNOR GILLIGAN
Clout up for grabs.

McCarthy Runs—Sort Of

"A formal announcement is when you do it in the Senate caucus room with your family at your side. I don't know what to call this one." With this characteristic bit of mock diffidence, Minnesota's Eugene J. McCarthy revealed at a Boston news conference late last week that he was—"de facto, de jure"—again a candidate for the presidency. The poet, professor and paladin of politics also confirmed that he had assented to the establishment of a McCarthy-for-President committee in Massachusetts.

The ex-Senator, however, said that he had not yet decided whether to enter the Massachusetts primary in April. Vague as ever, McCarthy added: "This is the be-

ed that the Talmadge package "contains the stick, but not the carrot." With welfare pre-empted by the Talmadge legislation, the Administration loses its most powerful drawing card for conservative support of family assistance.

Nonetheless, the new bill gave Congressmen the opportunity to point to tangible legislation on welfare before going home to their constituents for the holidays. Unquestionably, a welfare backlash has built across the country during the past year that makes even symbolic legislation important. Some examples:

► Trying to reduce a projected welfare budget deficit of \$107 million, Illinois Republican Governor Richard Ogilvie announced a cut in benefits of \$71 million. Medicaid will be slashed by \$50 million; the remaining cuts will be made in general assistance.

► The New York State legislature reduced welfare benefits by 10% and ordered employable recipients to pick up their checks in person and register for jobs, which state agencies are making available. The state is also setting up two projects that will put welfare mothers to work. Eventually, 25% of all welfare mothers are expected either to hold jobs or to take care of the children of other welfare mothers who are working.

► Denouncing welfare cuts as a "punishment of the poor for being poor, punishment of the sick for being sick, punishment of the old for growing old," Massachusetts Republican Governor Francis Sargent managed to beat back many proposals of the state legislature, such as removing everyone between the ages of 18 and 21 from the relief rolls. But his welfare commission ordered a comprehensive review of welfare that declared 8,000 of the state's 22,000 welfare recipients employable. They are now receiving job counseling and referrals.

► The Rhode Island general assembly was forced to pass an unpopular personal income tax because of a \$16 million state budget deficit. When the legislature learned that much of the deficit was attributable to welfare, it abruptly axed \$3.5 million from the appropriation for "supplemental payments" for items like furniture and appliances.

► California Governor Ronald Reagan and the Democratic-controlled state legislature put together a welfare-reform bill that both sides claimed to find satisfactory. While it increased payments for a majority of families on welfare, it also provided for some of the nation's strictest welfare controls. Nearest relatives have been made more responsible for bearing the cost of care for the aged and the indigent; the department of social welfare got authority to scrutinize state income tax returns of recipients. Some of the tight new regulations, however, have been challenged in court.

State and local governments are making an extra effort to uncover welfare cheating, though normally only a small fraction of recipients are involved. Last September, New York City Comptroller Abraham Beame disclosed that 100,000

welfare checks adding up to almost \$9,000,000 had been forged over the last five years. Any client who claimed that he lost his check would routinely be issued another by obliging welfare workers, making chiseling a simple matter. When their shoe allotment was cut off in 1968, many recipients simply put it on the other foot, as it were: the bills for orthopedic shoes issued under Medicaid began to rise suspiciously. When they reached an annual cost of \$4,000,000 this year, officials tightened the laces to make shoes harder to get.

Louisville authorities have tried to crack down on domestics who collect welfare while working in homes. Because



WELFARE RECIPIENT AT WORK IN NEW YORK
Includes the stick, but not the carrot.

they are paid in cash and no records are kept, they are hard to catch. Their employers are happy to contribute to the ruse. Since the maids are partially subsidized by the government, they settle for low wages. Says Jefferson County Attorney Bruce Milion: "The irony is that some of these wealthy people who hire the maids are always griping about how many people are on welfare."

The real trouble with welfare as it now operates is that it serves neither taxpayers nor recipients well. The national cost reached \$16.3 billion in fiscal 1971; the social costs of the present system are beyond measure. It will take more than eleventh-hour congressional gestures to reduce that drain on the nation's financial and human resources.

ALASKA

Second Purchase

When Secretary of State William H. Seward bought Alaska from Russia in 1867, his critics quickly asked: Who wants 375 million acres of "icebergia," good only for a few "wretched fish" —even at \$7.2 million, or 2¢ an acre? The answer is now plain: everyone. Most Alaskans see the state as a treasure house of minerals, including the huge North Slope oil reserves on the edge of the Beaufort Sea. Ardent conservationists yearn to protect as much as possible of America's last great wilderness. But standing in the way of fulfilling anyone's wishes was a knotty legal hitch.

What Seward purchased was not land, but only the right to tax and administer it. Ownership remained in the hands of Alaska's Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians, who now number some 55,000. Starting in 1959, they pressed their ancient claims. Last week, after years of sporadic haggling, Congress passed a bill to resolve the issue. If the natives approve it, which is considered likely, the bill may be signed into law by President Nixon this week.

Generous Settlement. Under the bill's complex terms, the natives will receive title to 40 million acres throughout the state. To settle the rest of their claims, they will be paid \$962.5 million —\$500 million from mining royalties and \$462.5 million from federal appropriations over eleven years. Twelve regional and 220 village corporations will invest the money to pay dividends to the natives and start a series of social programs.

As one critic sees it, the settlement amounts to "the second purchase of Alaska." It nonetheless seems fair on two counts. In Alaska, rural natives need what seems like exorbitant space merely to subsist. Moreover, Congress was clearly trying to compensate for past inequities that it has inflicted on America's aborigines.

Different Bonanza. Conservationists are generally happy with the bill. One provision allows Interior Secretary Rogers Morton to select 80 million acres of some of the loveliest land in the world for national parks, forests and wildlife refuges. For the state, the bill spells out a bonanza of a different kind. Alaska has already set aside for state development 26 million acres, including some on the North Slope. The bill now frees state officials to choose another 77 million acres, and they are sure to favor areas that are rich in natural resources.

Most important to Alaska's economy, the bill in effect removes a barrier to the proposed \$2 billion trans-Alaska oil pipeline from the North Slope fields to the ice-free port of Valdez. The oil companies have been desperate to get on with the job; costs of waiting have been estimated at \$400,000 per day. The big question now is whether the 789-mile-long pipeline can be built with sufficient safeguards to protect Alaska's environment.

The New American Samaritans

*It's a serious, stern, responsible deed.
To help an unfortunate soul in need.
And your one reward, when you
quiet his plaint,
Is to feel like an opulent, careworn
saint.*

—Clarence Day

THE American view of charity has altered considerably since the kindly Mr. Day wrote *Life With Father*. To many, his notion seems old-fashioned, more closely allied with the times of the original good Samaritan than with the thrust of contemporary society. Charity, the fundamental decency of one man helping a less fortunate fellow, seems hopelessly out of date in the era of the welfare state, social activism and racial and ethnic tensions.

To various elements in contemporary American society, the traditional idea of personal charity seems pointless. The liberal posture, devolved from Franklin Delano Roosevelt's welfare state, holds that benefits for the poor, the sick, the needy are in fact their civil right, and should not be dependent on the largesse of some kindhearted, well-heeled benefactor. In this view, charity is a dirty word, a patronizing concept.

On the other hand, many conservatives are scornful of the operators and supporters of government benevolence; they speak of bleeding hearts who coddle people too irresponsible to carve their own living in a plentiful nation. The left-wing radicals take an equally harsh view. They feel that the entire system is so corrupt that not even the existing official machinery can correct society's ills, much less the minuscule efforts of an individual. Thus a man who, say, sponsors a ghetto child for two summer weeks in the country might be accused by the politically devoted liberal of ignoring the proper government channels, sneered at by a right-wing zealot as a "do-gooder" and denounced by a Weatherman as an irrelevant pander to a sick system.

Lifelong Crusade

Yet do-gooder is not everywhere an epithet, and charity remains a vital force. Fortunately, there are many Americans who still practice it. Indeed, there are indications that it is returning to vogue in new forms. All kinds of people are looking for alternatives to the big, impersonal welfare state; the communes of the young, for example, a novel institution in modern America, could not survive without direct, highly personal human interdependence.

Certainly a sense of moral obligation to the needy is deeply implanted in the American character. Day's "opulent, careworn saint" is a firm fixture in the national legacy. John Winthrop, Pur-

titan leader and first Governor of Massachusetts, probably laid down the first American do-gooder's covenant when he told his flock: "We must love one another with a pure heart fervently, we must bear one another's burdens, we must look not only on our own things, but also on the things of our brethren." William Penn was a tireless proponent of charity: "The best recreation is to do good." There will be opportunity for lighter pursuits "when the pale faces are more comiserated, the pinched bellies relieved and the naked backs clothed, when the famished poor, the distressed widow and the helpless orphan are provided for." That notorious moralist Cotton Mather wrote: "If any man ask, Why is it so necessary to do good? I may say, it sounds not like the question of a good man."

During the early days of the Republic, lone fighters set out to cope with problems that a young Government was hopelessly ill-equipped—and indisposed—to conquer. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet (1787-1851) strove to prove that deaf-mutes could be educated; even-

bridge jail. Appalled to find insane women chained in unheated cells and whipped into submission, she launched a lifelong crusade that resulted in the construction of numerous state hospitals for the insane.

The national obsession with organization inevitably led to the institutionalization of charity. Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford: the names conjure images not only of capitalism at its most emphatic but also of philanthropy at its most grandiose. The staggering sums behind their ambitious projects, however, are remote and unattainable to a lone family in need.

Large-scale individual philanthropists still exist. There is Mary Lasker, wealthy beautifier of cities and benefactress of medicine; H. Ross Perot, who offered \$100 million for the release of American prisoners of war in Viet Nam; W. Clement Stone, who has donated more than \$500,000 for the rehabilitation of drug addicts in New York City. A different kind of do-gooder, Ralph Nader, ceaselessly warring against shoddy made products and unwieldy bureaucracy. He and some lesser imitators are

LEO BURNETT



MEXICAN WOMEN WITH FERREE

Only the beginning of his chores.

tually he founded the first free American school for the deaf in Hartford, Conn. Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe later did the same for the blind, and astounded the nation by teaching a blind, deaf and mute girl named Laura Bridgman the use of language and a number of manual skills. Perhaps the most famous 19th century American do-gooder was Dorothea Dix (1802-1887). A Boston schoolteacher, she agreed to teach a Sunday-school class for women prisoners in an East Cam-

bridge jail. Appalled to find insane women chained in unheated cells and whipped into submission, she launched a lifelong crusade that resulted in the construction of numerous state hospitals for the insane.

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The Laskers and the Naders, like the professional members of sundry organizations, devote most of their time to their work. More significant, perhaps, are the thousands of other Americans who manage to combine doing good

with their full-time careers. After the dishes are washed or the office routine completed, they go out to help—in the most personal way—the tired, poor and bewildered. Their works may seem puny in the face of America's overwhelming problems. But such efforts are especially important in an age when the American psyche, increasingly inured to violence, may grow indifferent—like the hardened doctors in Hemingway's sardonic Christmas tale, *Gad Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*—to such simply stated goals as peace on earth, good will toward men. While thousands of examples abound, here are nine admittedly arbitrary selections of dedicated Americans who do good for their fellow Americans.

**WILLIAM MORIN, BUTCHER,
AND WIFE JEAN, MINNEAPOLIS.**

The clock was striking 9 p.m., signaling the end of Bill Morin's 13-hour shift behind the Red Owl grocery store's meat counter. He was looking forward to a quiet evening in his suburban home. But as soon as he stepped into his house, his anxious wife told him: "Dan's gone, and he's got the paycheck." The pair quickly jumped into their car and conducted a door-to-door, bar-to-bar search through Minneapolis' toughest section. They finally found Dan having a drink at a party in a housing project and called his wife, who came to pick him up. The Morins made sure that Dan did not do the driving home, then returned home themselves to enjoy what little remained of their evening together.

Dan was on probation at the time, after several bouts with the law. The Morins, both 49, are part of a new breed of do-gooders in Minnesota's Hennepin County: volunteer probation officers in the department of court services. They joined the first class of volunteers in February 1970 and are probably its most distinguished graduates; they have already been nominated for the National Volunteer Award for their work. Says Ira Schwartz, director of the Hennepin County program: "If the people with master's degrees who come to us had their intuitive skills, we'd be a lot further down the road." The once wayward Dan, now off probation, credits the Morins with transforming him from a worthless roustabout into a steadily employed construction worker with a union badge. "All my life I've been in trouble," he admits. "But they came over and made me talk. Now I feel grown up. It's not that they order you to do things. They're more like friends."

The Morins chose to work primarily with men in the 17-to-28 age bracket who have committed misdemeanors. "We make a good team," Bill says proudly; he concentrates on the man while his wife does what she can for the family. He also belies the stereotype of the blue-collar worker as the grousing, Archie Bunker-esque bigot. He grew up in a tough Polish-American enclave in Minneapolis and is proud of the fact that he has worked since he was twelve years old. But he and Jean, who worked at a day-care center for mentally retarded children until she was hospitalized recently, listened closely to their sons and decided it was time their generation did more than "simply criticize young people." Their involvement has made them unpopular with some of their neighbors: they have even marched in an end-the-war rally. Bill turned down a promotion rather than give up some of the time he spends in the probation program.

FRANK FERREE, HARLINGEN, TEXAS.

On a gray, windy morning in a dusty town near the Mexican border, a battered old van with VOLUNTEER BORDER RELIEF lettered in green on the side pulls up behind a supermarket. The figure who hauls himself from the cab looks like the local citizen most in need of relief. Ferree, 77, a stooped 6 ft. 6 in., has bowed legs, deteriorating teeth and a face that looks like an old rock weathered by dust storms. Indeed, he is the scavenger he appears: for 25 years he has scuttled through the alleys of Harlingen, scrounging loaves of day-old bread, wilting fruit and vegetables, soup bones, used soap from motels. Always, in return, he spends a few minutes picking up trash or sweeping.

Ferree puts affluence's refuse to remarkable purpose. Four times weekly he climbs into a worn old bus and distributes these goods to the Mexican migrant workers who live in brutalizing squalor on both sides of the Rio Grande. But that only begins his chores. After persistent drumming, drug companies have shipped tons of vitamins and medicines to Harlingen, and Ferree dispenses them in the Mexican towns of Reynosa and Matamoros, where he has established makeshift clinics in abandoned shacks. He ministers to minor ailments himself; with the help of admiring merchants on both sides of the border, he has arranged more than 200 harelip and cleft-palate operations for children he has found. One of his discoveries was the four-legged Mexican baby successfully operated on at a Houston hospital (TIME, June 28). He has guided another 80 people, young and old—including two blind victims of cataracts and two badly burned children—to successful hospital treatment. In his ramshackle hotel at the edge of Harlingen, the old man has even delivered two babies. Says one of Ferree's occasional volunteer assistants: "We had to blow the dust off



THE MORINS AT HOME



FORMER NUN CIRILLO WITH MOUNTAIN CHILDREN
Formidable woman in a formidable setting.

the children to see if they were boys or girls."

Ferree's total indifference to his personal life-style annoys some of his neighbors. Says one, a garage mechanic: "I know he does good, but that house of his is a damned eyesore. He lives like a pig." Ferree came into his astonishing enterprise by accident. A native of Nebraska, he bought 20 acres near Harrington in 1946; he has since sold 19 and given away the proceeds. One day he saw several Mexicans pick banana peels up off the street and eat them. Soon afterward, he says, he found a

an equally forbidding woman: Marie Cirillo, 42, a former nun of the Roman Catholic Glenmary Sisters. Four years ago, she resigned from the order and offered her services to the bishop of Nashville. "I had worked with mountain people in Chicago," she says, "and I was curious to find out what these mountains meant to them." She quickly found out what her presence meant to the local populace. Her office and several projects have twice been put to the torch, leering miners have propositioned her, and one of her local sympathizers saw her own house riddled with 32 bullet holes by night riders.

Miss Cirillo did not have a conventionally trained eye. "I am a community developer, not a social worker," she announced, and she set about developing. Working in a four-county area with a population of 12,000, she has started an industrial-development group, a health council, a folk-art program, adult literacy classes, and is about to tackle the desperate hous-



DR. POLLNER IN MISSISSIPPI CLINIC
Food, clothing and messages.

weeping Chicano family that had been cheated of its wages. "The next thing you know," he muses, "I had them on my hands and began scrapping for them. One thing led to another." Ferree lives on a meager pension he receives from his World War I service in the Signal Corps. What will happen to his charges when he is gone? "Maybe somebody will take it over, maybe not," he says. "I don't think about that. I worry about one eft palate and one hungry stomach at a time."

MARIE CIRILLO, CLAIBORNE COUNTY, TENN.

The rutted mountains of the eastern Tennessee coal country are scarcely hospitable to doers of good works. Strip mining has raped the Appalachian countryside of its fertility and robbed its people of spirit. They shuffle grimly about, gray as the coal dust that settles over their desolate towns, hostile toward all outsiders, wary even of each other. There is no Hatfield-McCoy romance to their bitter internecine feuds. Sometimes the young are lured away by gaudy tales of life in Cincinnati and Atlanta and Chicago, but they usually return home after the first paycheck to "lay out" under the moon on the gritty hillsides and guzzle from bottles of home-stilled corn.

Into this forbidding setting stepped

an equally forbidding woman: Marie Cirillo, 42, a former nun of the Roman Catholic Glenmary Sisters. Four years ago, she resigned from the order and offered her services to the bishop of Nashville. "I had worked with mountain people in Chicago," she says, "and I was curious to find out what these mountains meant to them." She quickly found out what her presence meant to the local populace. Her office and several projects have twice been put to the torch, leering miners have propositioned her, and one of her local sympathizers saw her own house riddled with 32 bullet holes by night riders.

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PHILIP POLLNER, PHYSICIAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.

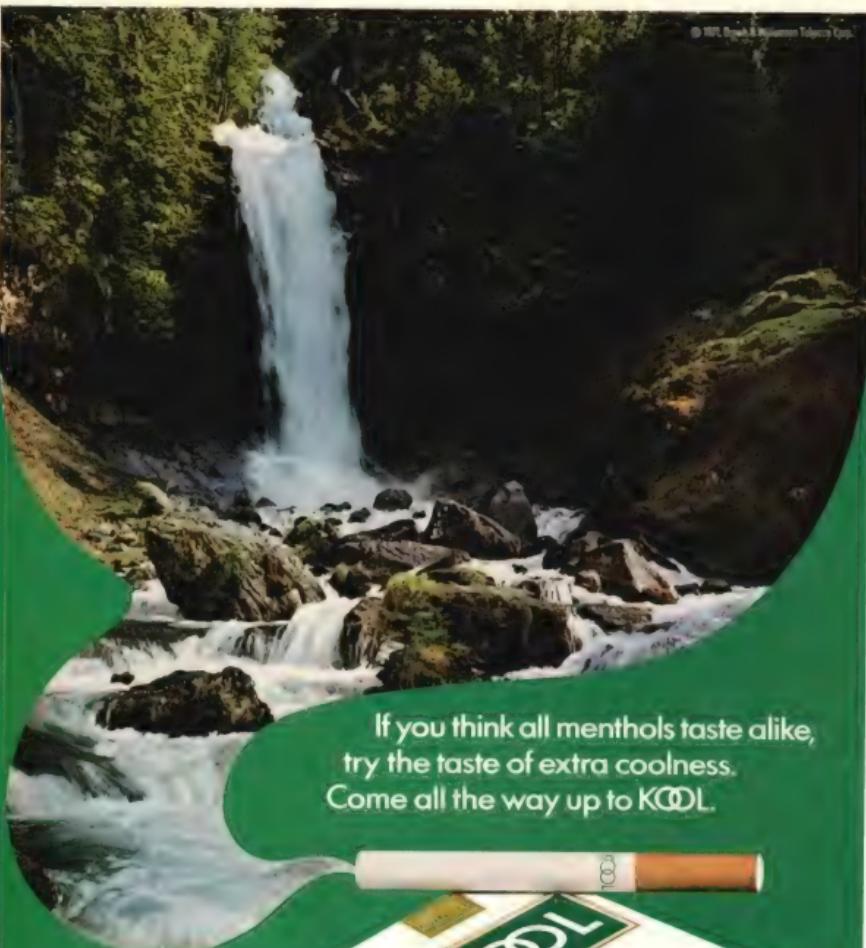
It is the close of another long week at the George Washington University student health center. Dr. Pollner, 32, a handsome physician from The Bronx whose long dark hair curls over the collar of his white medical coat, hurries to finish up his chores. His mind is already on his upcoming three-day weekend; it is the same trip he takes every third week, to Holmes County in the dreary reaches of the Mississippi Delta country. There he will work successive 14-hour days treating, without fee, indigent black farmers and their families, many of whom had never received medical care until Dr. Pollner came along.

He first went to that destitute county—considered the ninth poorest in the nation—because he admired the late Robert F. Kennedy. "I wanted to do something in his memory," says Dr. Pollner: the R.F.K. Foundation directed him to Holmes County. "I saw what Robert Kennedy saw," he says. "And I was shocked. I made a promise to do something to help." He immediately realized that one doctor working by himself for a year could do little. With a trickle of operating money from the foundation, he worked out a comprehensive health program centered on a clinic, then set out to find funds for its establishment.

His two-year search was discouraging. "I thought getting money would be easy, that the hard part would be getting people to go there to work," he admits. "But it was the other way around." Help finally came through one of his patients, a 17-year-old student at Annandale High School in suburban Virginia. The student helped Dr. Pollner round up 4,000 youngsters, who joined him in a 32-mile march. They raised \$6,000 and won pledges of funds and equipment from the United Auto Workers, Hewlett-Packard and several pharmaceutical companies. Pollner's makeshift clinic won the support of the local white population in Mississippi and last summer attracted four registered nurses and some 30 student volunteers. They helped the doctor treat up to 50 patients a day. Now, Pollner observes: "The patients got better out of proportion to their treatment. They knew we cared."

MRS. CHARLESZETTA WADDLES, MINISTER, DETROIT.

For months, Detroiters who called a city hall hot line at night or on weekends heard the following recording: "Detroit city offices are closed at the present time, but will be open tomorrow during regular working hours. In the event of an emergency, call Mother Waddles at 925-0901." More than likely, the problem would have been taken care of with compassion and dispatch. Until a story in the Detroit *Free Press* embarrassed city officials, off-hours calls for financial aid, emotional assistance or emergency relief were referred to Mother Waddles. 59, a freelance



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Come all the way up to KOOL.



18 mg "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug. 71.



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daughter's wedding,
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That's why we have a lab in the first place.

Because when your daughter gets married, we want you to have as much confidence in our flashcubes as we do.

Since we invented the flashcube, it's only right we give ours what we feel are the toughest tests in the business before sending it out in the world.

But what is there for a flashcube to do besides flash?

Well, for your once-in-a-lifetime indoor shots to come out right, it has to flash at the right time and for the right length of time, to begin with.

At the same time, it has to flash with the right intensity.

And there's no better time to start finding out if it will than before the bulbs are put into the cube.

We do this sampling test on a device we call a photometer.

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Bad flashbulbs are thrown out. Good flashbulbs are put into our flashcubes.

But don't get the idea that all flashcubes that pass make it out of the plant.

We store some of each day's output under warehouse conditions right on the premises for periods of 30 days. 6 months. A year.

And then we test them all over again.

For that matter, even after a Blue Dot flashcube has made it out of the plant, it still hasn't seen the last of us. We recall a few cases a year from every single GTE Sylvania warehouse in the world for re-testing.

Our dozens of full-time testers work very hard at what they do to minimize the chance of failure.

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GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



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philanthropist whom Mayor Roman Gribbs calls "an urban saint."

Mother Waddles' appearance suggests Aunt Jemima rather than St. Charles-zetta, but the mayor's description of her is apt. In her "Perpetual Mission," open 24 hours a day on Gratiot Avenue in the city's black ghetto, Mother Waddles and 30 volunteers operate on the skimpiest of budgets; she is currently \$65,000 in debt. This year the mission will feed some 100,000 indigents, distribute 1,400 Christmas baskets, serve 400 hot Christmas dinners and provide college scholarships for 100 high school graduates. Mrs. Waddles and her ten children, who range in age from 19 to 44, spend most of their time at the mission aiding an average of 75 families a day. An ordained non-denominational minister, she goes about her works with a Christian devotion tempered by shrewd ghetto sensibilities. "I don't preach," she explains, "but if they ask for a message they got something coming." They also get food and clothing for a pittance if they have it, for nothing if they do not.

Born in St. Louis, Mother Waddles early learned the necessity of virtue. Her father died when she was twelve, and she was forced to drop out of school to support her pregnant mother and six brothers and sisters. She married for the first time at 14 and was widowed at 19. In 1957 she married Payton Waddles, who now makes \$11,000 a year at the laundry at the Ford River Rouge complex. She plunged into practical missionary work in earnest. "The Bible says we should comfort one another," she says, "but you can't comfort the hungry without food, or the naked without clothing or the sick without medical care." She will soon open a free clinic staffed by eight volunteer doctors and fed by a medicinal lifeline from McKesson & Robbins drug company. She herself lives more humbly than one would suppose. A local television station donated the dress she wore to President Nixon's Inauguration in 1969 as one of 50 Michigan residents selected by the state Republican Party.

WILLIAM BORAH AND RICHARD BAUMBACH JR., LAWYERS, NEW ORLEANS.

As young bucks who grew up in the citadel of Southern elegance, the pair seemed groomed for show rather than toil. Scions of two of New Orleans' most prominent families, they were raised in colonnaded homes safely hidden from public view by delicate hedgewoods and stately live oaks. They graduated together in the top half of their law school class at Tulane; Baumbach then won a Fulbright scholarship to study international law in South America, while Borah entered the master's program in international trade at the London School of Economics. They appeared destined for splendid careers in international trade.

Then in 1965, they renewed their friendship at the Napoleon House, a French Quarter bar. They discussed the imminent construction of an elevated Mississippi riverfront expressway, which



BORAH & BAUMBACH IN NEW ORLEANS

would have been an aesthetic catastrophe for the graceful Vieux Carré. They launched a thorough investigation of the project and within two weeks produced a detailed report showing the expressway to be the result of shoddy planning. Their findings did not endear them to the Chamber of Commerce—nor, they were astonished to find, many of their lifelong friends. They were quietly but firmly pushed out of what they refer to as the "velvet rat." Says Borah: "If you are born in the right family and keep your mouth shut, you can just ride it on through." But they persevered, haranguing at public meetings, until they finally attracted national attention (the New Orleans papers had conspicuously ignored them). Finally, almost three years later, the young attorneys won what they call "the Second Battle of New Orleans": federal funds for the project were canceled for purely environmental reasons.

Borah and Baumbach have now become activist do-gooders: they are New Orleans' resident environmental crusaders—at considerable personal cost. Borah, now 34, and his wife live frugally off the remains of his inheritance while banking her teaching salary; Baumbach, also 34, who never before gave money a second thought, is having difficulty scraping up funds to get his 1963 Chevrolet repaired. "The main thing we've learned," says Borah, "is not to believe automatically that the so-called experts know what they're talking about." Their latest target: a proposed Mississippi River bridge that they contend would dump an impossible traffic load onto the city's plied uptown streets.

JEAN JACOBS, HOUSEWIFE, SAN FRANCISCO.

As a woman who spent six years of her childhood in an orphanage, Mrs. Jacobs, 56, has an understandable special concern for institutionalized children. She and her husband Tevis, a successful and prominent corporation lawyer, have four children, one adopted, one a foster child. It was only natural that Mrs. Jacobs involve herself in child-care work. She was



WALLACE WITH DUNPHY IN QUEENS



JEAN JACOBS AT CHILDREN'S CENTER
Charity requires aggressive action.

appointed to the board of trustees for the local Jewish Child Care Center and eventually helped replace the institution with smaller permanent homes for groups of children.

She now calls such activities "all the nice things that people like me do," because she finally discovered that her work was more than a genteel social obligation. One night six years ago she received a call from a friend, whose secretary at that moment was in a state of hysteria in a phone booth opposite San Francisco's Juvenile Hall. The woman's four-year-old child had wandered away from nursery school and had been taken by police to the hall, where his frantic parents found him screaming in an iron-barred crib covered with flannel. The authorities refused to release the child—until the furious Mrs. Jacobs telephoned a juvenile court judge who ordered the child set free.

The incident goaded Mrs. Jacobs into organizing a campaign to overhaul the city's entire system of dealing with unwanted or delinquent children. She ran

headlong into an ineluctable bureaucracy and conditions grimly reminiscent of *Oliver Twist*. The chief probation officer told her: "If anybody cared about these kids, they wouldn't be here. The community uses Juvenile Hall for a dumping ground." The hall's resident doctor scorned her lack of credentials and said, "What you must realize is that by the time these children get to us, they've been through so much that there is nothing we could do to them that would damage them further."

That is not precisely true. Mrs. Jacobs found out about a girl whose tuberculosis had gone undiscovered in the hall for six months, and another whose broken arm had been improperly set. She found that it was a regular practice to lock children in cold, isolated cells for up to 48 hours as a disciplinary measure. She began to study her bureaucratic form charts, hounded

supply and inadequate equipment. Finally he called on Dermot Dunphy and a group of volunteer consultants to minority entrepreneurs, which is run by the Harvard Business School Club of New York. Dunphy sat down with Wallace, broke his problems down into separate categories, then called on volunteers to handle each area. They helped find the proper oil sources and set up an effective bookkeeping section. Now Wallace's thriving business stands to clear half a million dollars this year. Says Wallace: "Dermot is the bridge, the man who makes the contacts when I have a problem that I can't solve. He launched me like a rocket, but he doesn't try to hold my hand."

Wallace is but one of dozens of minority-group small businessmen whom Dunphy and his team have launched. Dunphy sold his own prosperous paper-bag business to the Hammermill Co. in 1968;

STEPHEN MICHAEL



PATROLMAN POULIN WITH SCOUTS
A painful society of mutual admiration.

the closed meetings of the juvenile justice commission. As she recalls: "They all sat around politely listening to explanations of practices that seemed insane to me." With her husband footing the bills, Mrs. Jacobs organized a citizens' committee which goaded the city into forming a special outside commission to investigate delinquencies in the juvenile justice system. Almost singlehanded, Mrs. Jacobs has created a sense of community responsibility for the once lamentable conditions in San Francisco's Juvenile Hall and courts.

T.J. DERMOT DUNPHY, BUSINESSMAN, NEW YORK CITY.

It is not easy for a black to get started in a business operation, especially in a field as dominated by whites as fuel-oil service. In May 1970, Charles Wallace was a struggling black businessman on the verge of bankruptcy. He knew little about accounting and finance, and was further handicapped by poor sources of

he now works for the Sealed Air Corp. He joined his former business school roommate, Harold Tanner, in forming a group of top- and middle-level executives who spend five to 15 hours a week helping minority businessmen turn a profit. Says Dunphy: "Jobs and education are still the main event in aiding minority groups in America. But small business is the most difficult field to open compared with education, big business and government. The skills necessary to start a small business are difficult to develop, because you really have to be a jack of all trades."

At 39, Dunphy is just that. A native of Dublin, he earned a law degree at Oxford, then got his M.B.A. at Harvard. In the summer between his two years there, he traveled round the country, picking up such disparate jobs as janitor and private detective. Knocking about made him aware of the plight of minority groups in America, and once he established himself he decided to help out in the way he knew best. As he puts it:

"What better thing can I do as a businessman than to communicate to others the skills and values which will contribute to the economic development of a stronger black community?"

ROBERT POULIN, POLICEMAN, WATERVILLE, ME.

On the surface, Poulin looks like a cop right out of *Adam 12*. He is 6 ft. tall, strapping, fresh-faced and gregarious. He owns a modest seven-room home, has a pretty wife and two healthy children. At 29, Poulin gets along equally well with the townfolk and students from nearby Colby College. He likes to joke, likes aged bourbon, likes cold beer. Two nights a week he drives 15 miles to the University of Maine campus, where he studies psychology and English composition. He also heads a Boy Scout troop in the best Police Athletic League tradition.

But not quite. Poulin's Troop 416 is agonizingly unique, its membership drawn exclusively from the Hiltop School for retarded and deformed children. Each Friday morning the redoubtable patrolman dons his red bandanna and scoutmaster's cap and takes charge of 15 of the most heartrending youngsters in all of New England. One lad has only half a face, another is strapped into a wheelchair, several others are schizophrenic; most have an unfavorable prognosis. During one meeting, a boy who could not talk until Poulin formed the troop reads haltingly through the Scout oath, then breaks into happy shouts of "Scout! Scout!" when he is done.

Another lad begins to laugh, but the laugh quickly plummets into uncontrollable hysteria; he smashes a small Christmas tree to the floor and slams his hand against a windowpane. Three other tiny boys clutch at Poulin's legs, shrieking, and try to bring him down. After an hour and a half Poulin calmly dismisses the troop; the boys are taken back to other classrooms by school aides. "This was nothing," he sighs. "You should see the action when I take the boys on trips. You go into the woods and every time you go hunting for one who's left the trail, three others get lost."

Poulin happened onto his volunteer job one January afternoon in 1970, when he was driving his police car by the academy. He stopped and enthralled the children by letting them play with the flashing light and siren. School officials soon asked him if he would form a Scout troop for a group of difficult youngsters. Now Friday morning is the highlight of the children's week. While the task has cost Poulin money from his own pocket—and considerable emotional pain—he would not give it up for anything. He even manages to visit the school on one of his days off. "They're my boys," he says quietly. "We have a mutual admiration society going here." The admiration extends to the children's parents. Says one mother, Rita Tuttle: "These boys don't need a Santa Claus. They've got Bob Poulin 52 weeks a year."



The shape of things to come.

Prediction

The Volkswagen Beetle will be around for years to come.

Prediction

Someone else somewhere will introduce a new economy car and there will be lots of excitement.

Prediction

The excitement will be down.

Prediction

As in the past, people who own old Volkswagens will trade them in for new Volkswagens because (we guess) they like Volkswagens.

Prediction

Our engineers will continue to improve the way the car works and our stylists will continue to be frustrated.

Prediction

Sometime in 1972, the Beetle will become the most popular single model automobile ever made in the world, bypassing the Model T Ford with production of over 15 million vehicles.

Prediction

We won't let that last prediction go to our heads.





CONNALLY & GROUP OF TEN MINISTERS AT SMITHSONIAN CASTLE

WALTER BENNETT

The Quiet Triumph of Devaluation

THE last time the dollar was devalued—by a stroke of Franklin D. Roosevelt's pen in 1934*—Budget Director Lewis Douglas declared: "This is the end of Western civilization." It was a sign of the economic times last week that, when Richard Nixon announced another dollar devaluation, the predominant reaction throughout Western civilization was one of relief. Richard Katzel, president of The Citizens & Southern Bank of Georgia, expressed the new American mood: "I think devaluation is a good thing. It will make us more competitive overseas. We have swallowed the hardest pill we had to swallow—our pride."

That assessment represents a rare victory of reality over mythology. For decades, American statesmen and financiers have viewed devaluation as an unthinkable national humiliation and a devastating blow to the non-Communist world's financial system, which uses the dollar as the central trading currency. In fact, the dollar has long been overvalued, partly for reasons that reflect credit rather than blame on the U.S. American aid helped to revive Europe's war-shattered economies and create a mighty industrial power in Japan. Those actions reduced the U.S.'s dominance of world business, which the dollar's price had reflected in the early postwar years. U.S. private investment and tourism also pumped money into foreign economies, and American military spending overseas protected Allied countries—at the cost of spilling out an oversupply of dollars.

Benign Neglect. At home, possession of an overvalued dollar encouraged the illusion of American supremacy. But the U.S. paid a high price for that illusion in loss of markets to its overseas competitors, because American goods

became artificially expensive in relation to foreign products. The world paid a high price too: the outflow of overvalued dollars to foreign countries helped spread inflation around the globe and robbed world finance of stability.

Less than a year ago, U.S. international financial policy was ruled by the idea of "benign neglect": the complacent conviction that Americans could continue pouring out their overvalued dollars, buying as many foreign goods and factories as they chose and spending on military ventures as lavishly as they pleased. The rest of the world, so the theory went, had to absorb all the dollars because the dollar was as good as gold. It had an "immutable" value in terms of gold, and the U.S. was pledged to sell American gold—at the rate of \$35 an ounce—in exchange for dollars that foreigners wished to cash in. But as foreigners piled up almost \$50 billion in U.S. currency, while the U.S. gold stock melted to \$10 billion,

that pledge became hollow. Nixon gave it the *coup de grâce* on Aug. 15 by decreeing that the U.S. would no longer redeem foreign-held dollars for gold.

In one sense, his action made outright devaluation only a change in a bookkeeping abstraction. It will take the form of an increase in the official price of gold—meaning that instead of refusing to sell gold for \$35 an ounce, the Treasury will simply refuse to sell the metal for \$38 an ounce. According to the agreement reached by finance ministers of the Group of Ten rich industrial nations, meeting in the Smithsonian Institution's old red castle in Washington, the dollar will be devalued by 8.6% relative to the price of gold. As a result, Americans will have to pay at least 8.6% more for foreign goods, foreign travel and foreign investments. But that is only one of several ways to measure the shift. Through a complexity of mathematical law,¹ the dollar will go down 7.9% relative to foreign currencies. Thus, European and Japanese businessmen, tourists and investors will pay 7.9% less—and in many cases less than that—for American goods and services. A further complexity is that a number of other countries have changed their own currencies by revaluing them upward. All together, counting the dollar's decline and the increases in some foreign currencies, the dollar's value relative to others in foreign trade will be about 10% less than earlier this year, when the monetary chaos began.

Monetary Brew. The negotiated realignment among major powers will increase the worth of Japanese yen by 17% in terms of the "old" dollar; in all, the West German mark will go up 13.5% against the dollar, and the Dutch guilder and the Belgian franc will rise 11.5%. The French franc and British

* F.D.R. cut the dollar's value 41% by raising the price of gold from \$20.67 to \$35 an ounce, and also ended the use of gold as domestic U.S. money.



F.D.R. SIGNING GOLD PRICE BILL IN 1934
No longer the end of civilization.

¹ Reason for the difference: Mathematically, 38 is 8.6% more than 35; but 35 is only 7.9% less than 38.

pound will be formally unchanged; but, with the dollar's devaluation, they will go up 8.6% relative to U.S. money. Italy and Sweden will devalue their currencies slightly, by 1% each, but still end up 7.6% higher than the dollar. In return, Treasury Secretary John Connally said that the U.S. this week will probably remove Nixon's 10% surcharge on imports and abandon the "Buy American" rules in the new investment tax credit for businessmen. All in all, the Smithsonian agreement demanded some sacrifices and produced some gains for each major nation. The compromise should lead to a more flexible and above all more sensible world of money.

Devaluation—a sign of U.S. willingness to bring its dollar down to size—was the major demand made by America's trading partners as the price for doing their part toward reversing the increasingly disastrous U.S. balance of payments deficit. Last week Washington reported that the nation's net loss of cash (excluding short-term capital movements) for the third quarter of 1971 alone was \$3.1 billion, more than the deficit that was run up during all of last year. By agreeing to devalue, Nixon added a major ingredient to a brew of monetary and trade changes that should within two years produce a rough equilibrium in the U.S. balance of payments.

Favorite Wheels. The stage for the climactic Washington conference was set in the picturesque town of Angra do Heroísmo (Bay of Heroism) in the Azores, where Nixon met with French President Georges Pompidou. Pompidou traveled stylishly to the Azores in his favorite set of wheels: a supersonic Concorde jetliner. Nixon was impressed with this symbol of Europe's new strength, remarking, "I only wish we had made the plane ourselves."

Pompidou was a key figure in the delicate monetary negotiations. France had taken the lead among the nations that refused to float their currencies upward against the dollar after Nixon's Aug. 15 bombshell, thereby gaining a trade advantage against the ones that accommodated the U.S. by floating. For example, after the mark was floated upward in May, French as well as U.S. goods became cheaper in West Germany. Pompidou has followed Charles de Gaulle in insisting that new exchange rates must include an increase in the price of gold, both because the Fifth Republic has accumulated \$3.5 billion in gold reserves and because many individual Frenchmen still hoard the metal.

Nixon had undoubtedly been prepared to offer a small rise in the gold price. He simply waited until such a rise would produce the best possible compromise. Last week the President decided that the moment had arrived. He met with Pompidou, and the two jointly declared the agreement to devalue. Said National Security adviser Henry Kissinger: "We got essentially what we need, and they got essentially what they need. When

you're setting up a new international monetary system, it's important that no one has the sense of losing but that everyone has the sense of winning."

What Nixon got was a pledge by the French to do two things. First, they will cooperate with other Common Market nations in the "imminent opening" of trade negotiations, and they promised to make important reductions in tariffs on American products. Second, they agreed to expand the margin that is allowed between the declared value of a currency and that at which it can actually be traded. (The Group of Ten widened the margins from 1% to 21%.) Pompidou had been opposed to these wider margins, since they might allow the mark and other currencies to drift down and wipe out part of the franc's current—and advantageous—undervaluation. But there was little doubt that De Gaulle's disciple returned to Paris as the hero of the Azores summit, having gained for France the symbolic show of monetary deference from the U.S. that De Gaulle had long sought.

The meeting was an equal triumph for Nixon and Connally, who deftly

January. Both the House and Senate may hold hearings, if only because, as a House Banking Committee aide put it, "We get letters on this subject from people who underline their words and use lots of exclamation points and sometimes draw pictures." The Administration is in no hurry for formal approval, since negotiators may be able to wring a few more trade concessions out of the suspense period. Meanwhile, central banks will simply set their own temporary exchange rates at the levels specified by the new agreement.

The agreement is only one step on the long, hard road toward a much-needed basic reform of the world monetary system. The change should occur by eliminating gold as a monetary standard and substituting a more easily regulated, man-made unit backed by the International Monetary Fund. A few such units, called Special Drawing Rights, are already in existence. Unfortunately, to many politicians, bankers and ordinary citizens, the thought of a reserve currency not backed by gold or something equally scarce is still anathema. Another problem will be the nearly \$50 billion in dollars that have left

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"I'm afraid there is only one way Monsieur is going to fit into this suit!"

managed to elude the clouds of disonor that traditionally attach to devaluation. To a degree hardly dreamed possible a year ago, their courage in risking devaluation was rewarded by the public and politicians of both parties. After meeting with Nixon, along with other key House and Senate leaders, Congressman Wilbur Mills said: "Provided he got a good deal, I support devaluation, and the leadership supports it." Replied the President: "Keep saying that—it's helpful." It is because the Democrats will not hesitate to make Nixon's deal an issue if the Europeans and Japanese do not take further steps to reduce their tariffs and quotas against U.S. exports, and if the nation's trade balance fails to improve.

"We Get Letters." Congress must still approve the proposed change in the price of gold. A bill setting the new rate will probably be submitted in

the U.S. in recent years and flooded Europe's central banks. Any long-term monetary agreement must find a way for dollar-choked nations to convert their holdings for something besides gold, since current U.S. gold reserves cover only a fraction of dollars held abroad.

The sheer effort expended on even a first-stage reform was plainly evident as Nixon and Pompidou ended their summit last week. The President stumbled over his parting statement and had to be reminded by an aide that he had neglected to thank his Portuguese hosts. Pompidou quietly informed his ministers that "there will be no boasts of triumph because there is no triumph when what has to be done is done." Perhaps. But considering how frequently the necessary is avoided, the new deal in money would seem a quiet triumph for its negotiators and their nations.

The Advantages of the Unthinkable

THE greatest immediate result of the currency realignment will be to restore stability to world finance and end the danger of a global donnybrook in trade. Since President Nixon in August canceled the U.S. commitment to exchange dollars for gold, the values of several major currencies have been fluctuating, and uncertainty about where they would come to rest has held back world commerce. There was always a threat that in order to protect their own trade positions nations would erect

barriers and hold down imports enough to produce an \$800 million swing in the trade balance and to create 30,000 to 70,000 U.S. jobs over a two- or three-year period. On that basis, last weekend's agreement eventually would cut \$8 billion a year off the payments deficit and create 300,000 to 700,000 new jobs. The seasonally adjusted deficit in just the first nine months of 1971 was \$23.4 billion.

These trade effects will take about two years to show up because buying patterns do not change overnight. But the balance of payments will also get a quicker, though temporary stimulus through a reversal of the hemorrhage of American short-term capital overseas. Yale Professor Robert Triffin reckons that \$28 billion of capital flowed out of the U.S. in the first nine months of 1971 because "with everybody being told that the dollar would go down in terms of foreign currency, every treasurer of a corporation felt that he had to put his working balances into other currencies." After devaluation, these "gnomes of Manhattan" can be expected to take their profits by buying back their dollars at a cheaper rate than that at which they sold them. Triffin estimates that the return flow of dollars might cause a balance of payments surplus totaling \$5 billion to \$10 billion in next year's first quarter—a figure every bit as distorted as the 1971 capital flight, but nonetheless welcome.

U.S. IMPORTS of Volkswagens, Yamaha motorcycles, French wines, British woolens and many other goods will cost more. The effect of the currency shifts will be offset somewhat by removal of the import surcharge, and some importers may try to keep dollar prices down in an effort to hold markets. A trade specialist of the Union Bank of Switzerland, however, estimates that



DISPLAY AT U.S.-OWNED FIRM IN BRITAIN



U.S. EXPORTS: BOEING 747 SUPERJETS IN SEATTLE
Also Germany on \$5.65 a day.

beggar-thy-neighbor barriers against each other's goods and money.

Now the U.S. is in the position of a company that reduces its prices. It will have to produce more goods and services to earn a given amount of foreign currency. There will be little change in the purchasing power of U.S. money for U.S.-made goods, but there will be painful consequences for Americans who work or travel abroad. The dollar devaluation, for instance, generally will have the same effect as a substantial salary cut for overseas employees of U.S. corporations who are paid in dollars: the specific effect will be magnified or reduced by changes in the values of other currencies. Still, the consequences of the currency changes will in the main

"even with the surcharge removed, Swiss watches will be 15% more expensive in America." Certainly not all U.S. consumers will switch to American-made products. Fanciers of Scotch whisky, for instance, are unlikely to opt for bourbon or rye, no matter what happens to the price. Still, higher prices for imports should create more sales and job opportunities in the U.S. industries that compete against them—notably in autos, steel and textiles.

THE BALANCE OF PAYMENTS should swing away from the rising deficit that the U.S. has run in the past 20 years. Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers calculate very roughly that each percentage point by which foreign currencies rise against the dollar will expand ex-

ports and hold down imports enough to produce an \$800 million swing in the trade balance and to create 30,000 to 70,000 U.S. jobs over a two- or three-year period. On that basis, last weekend's agreement eventually would cut \$8 billion a year off the payments deficit and create 300,000 to 700,000 new jobs. The seasonally adjusted deficit in just the first nine months of 1971 was \$23.4 billion.

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TOURISM will become more expensive for Americans: Europe on \$5 a day will become something more like France on \$5.40 a day or Germany on \$5.65 a day. Whether this will reduce the number of tourists is questionable: airlines agreed last week to reduce their fares across the North Atlantic, and the Olympic Games in Munich will draw many tourists to Europe next year.

Travel men speculate, however, that many tourists will seek out the less expensive hotels and restaurants abroad. Some will turn toward countries like Portugal and Spain, which have generally low prices, or the Latin American countries, which will probably devalue also; others may decide to See America First. Foreign tourists will find the U.S. less expensive to visit—opening many new business opportunities for U.S. hotel owners, travel guide publishers and touring agencies.

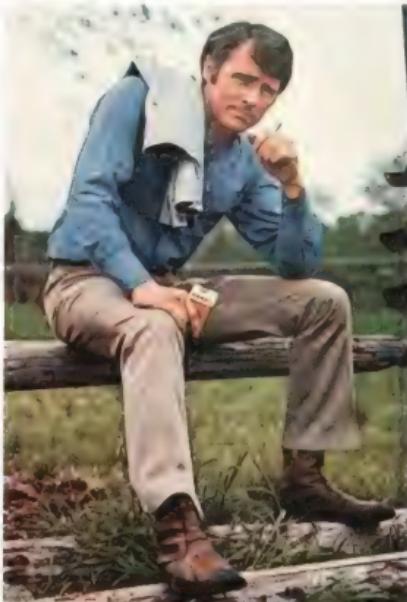
MULTINATIONAL CORPORATIONS will benefit from the currency realignment. The dollar value of their earnings in pounds, marks, francs and lire will rise automatically by the extent to which the dollar depreciates against foreign money. More important, the multinationals would have been Foreign Target No. 1 in any world money and trade war. The averting of that war lessens the threat that restrictions will be placed on their operations and investments.

On the other hand, several factors are reducing the incentive for the multinationals to expand outside the U.S. While the American economy now is

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

Now everybody will be smoking cigarettes stamped with their own family crest

...almost everybody.



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*All screen sizes measured diagonally.

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just slightly ahead of our time.

at last speeding up (see BUSINESS), growth is slowing in most European countries and Japan. The slowdown could be aggravated by new difficulties that some of these countries will have selling their goods abroad against American competition. Devaluation also may increase the number of dollars that multinationals must spend to buy, build or expand foreign factories. Adding up the pluses and minuses, Wall Street analysts think that the multinationals will invest a greater share of their money in U.S. operations, giving the American economy a welcome lift.

THE STOCK MARKET began celebrating on the first rumors of devaluation; the Dow Jones industrial average has risen sharply since Thanksgiving. Wall Streeters were registering their relief that the international money crisis appeared to be on the way to solution. The market stands to get a more direct boost from devaluation in 1972. William Wolman, vice president of Argus Research in New York, forecasts a record increase of almost \$3 billion in foreign purchases of U.S. securities next year. After devaluation, foreign investors' money will buy not only more 747 jets and American coal, but also more U.S. stock.

Winners and Losers. The effects of devaluation and realignment will be even more pronounced in foreign countries that are more heavily dependent than the U.S. on international trade. Those effects will vary widely according to the amount by which different foreign currencies go up against the dollar, and against each other. Canada, which expects to come out of the reshuffle with a dollar priced slightly below the U.S. dollar, will be helped far more by removal of the U.S. surcharge than it will be hurt by American devaluation. France will have to surrender some of the export advantage it has gained over Germany, because the realignment will close part of the gap that yawned between the franc and the mark during the months of currency fluctuation. For both countries, the franc-mark relationship is vastly more important than the price of either currency in dollars.

Poised for Flight. The new pattern of currency values looks realistic, but businessmen and money traders will not put their full trust in it for some time. Meanwhile, warns Triflin, tens of billions of dollars of capital will remain poised for instant flight abroad. That could happen if Phase II fails to bring inflation under control, or if the U.S., in an attempt to stimulate its economy, allows interest rates to drop far below those in Europe. A new capital flight could quickly bring the dollar's new price under suspicion because the U.S. would still be pouring out dollars—and without the support of the myth that the dollar could never be devalued. Devaluation was inevitable, but it will succeed only if the U.S. stops inflation and reinvigorates its economy. On such considerations the value of any nation's money must finally depend.

And Now, a Trade Hassle

THE world monetary agreement reached over the weekend concludes only the opening round in the U.S. international economic offensive. The offensive's Phase II, already under way, is the U.S. attempt to persuade foreign governments to tear down tariffs, quotas and other barriers against American exports of goods and capital. The U.S. was long maddeningly vague on just what trade concessions it wants, but lately it has served up a list of specific demands. They have made the trade talks clearer, but not easier. Unlike the round-table currency negotiations, the trade bargaining consists of a series of bilateral talks with Japan, Canada and the Common Market Six, each involving quite different controversies and prospects for agreement.

In U.S. eyes, Japan is the most egregious trade offender. It maintains tariffs up to 25% on some goods, plus tight import quotas and restrictions on foreign investment in many Japanese industries. Last week the U.S. won some minimum concessions from the Japanese, who agreed to cut tariffs on 25 items, including autos, cosmetics, computers, refrigerators and soybeans. On other demands, the U.S. seemingly got nowhere. The Japanese did say that they would abolish import quotas on light aircraft and on some agricultural products, like refined sugar and bacon, but threatened to raise tariffs on these products. They also rejected a demand that they drop quotas on beef, oranges and fruit juices and refused to permit U.S. investment in Japanese computer manufacturing until 1974.

The U.S. stands a reasonable chance of making more progress when Prime Minister Sato visits President Nixon in San Clemente Jan. 6 and 7. The Japanese are in an embarrassing situation because they have continued to run huge surpluses in trade with the U.S. despite their howls about America's "brutal" economic moves. Since the August "Nixon shock," Japanese exports have been running 20% or more above a year earlier, with the biggest increases coming in shipments to the U.S. Sato last week asked the Japanese ministries of finance, agriculture and international trade and industry to prepare lists of the maximum concessions that he can offer.

From Canada, Washington demands revision of an auto trade pact that limits duty-free shipments of U.S. cars and parts into Canada while allowing Canadian-built cars free access to the U.S. Nixon's negotiators have also asked Ottawa to loosen restrictions on spending by Canadian tourists in the U.S. Canada has some demands of its own: it wants, for example, to sell more ura-

mium in the U.S. Canadian Finance Minister Edgar Benson indicates that his nation is in a mood to compromise. "If we are to have good relations with the U.S.," he says, "we cannot continue having irritants between us that do not always make sense."

The Common Market is less tractable, and it is in a strong bargaining position. Its tariffs average less than those of the U.S. (6% v. 7%), and purchases by its six nations from the U.S. already exceed their sales in the American market by more than \$2 billion a year. Nixon last week did win a promise from French President Pompidou that the Common Market will start trade talks with the U.S. "imminently." Those negotiations will be tough.

The U.S. demands that the Market suspend negotiations for preferential trade agreements with Austria, Finland, Portugal, Sweden, Switzerland and other countries, and that it equalize tariff rates on U.S. oranges and other citrus products with the lower ones levied on fruit from Spain, Israel, Tunisia and Morocco. Further, Washington wants the Market to adjust its complex system of farm-support prices, import levies and export subsidies so that they do not offset the drop in prices on U.S. farm goods that dollar devaluation will cause. These demands pose serious political problems for the Common Market nations. They protest, for example, that suspending the preferential trade-agreement negotiations would force them to renege on commitments already made to non-Market countries.

Washington's cause has not been helped by the brusque negotiating style of William D. Eberle, Nixon's special representative for trade talks. Some French officials call him and his aides "Eberle's Commandos." In Brussels, Eberle snapped at one Common Market official who was registering astonishment at the U.S. demands: "I don't like people who nod their heads and fail to speak up." He has pressed for speed so inopportunistically as to convince some Market officials that the U.S. is desperate for an agreement, and that the Market therefore can force a lowering of American demands by stalling.

In fact, Washington realizes that it can obtain only limited concessions quickly. The U.S. has already played its main card—promises to devalue the dollar and to end the 10% U.S. import surcharge. In order to offer trade concessions himself, Nixon will have to seek legislation empowering him to start a new round of worldwide trade negotiations. Some Washington officials envision these talks as beginning a year from now and dragging on well into 1973. They may well be called "the Nixon Round."

India: Easy Victory, Uneasy Peace

MY dear Abdullah, I am here," read the message to the general in beleaguered Dacca. "The game is up. I suggest you give yourself up to me and I'll look after you." The author of that soothing appeal was India's Major General Gandharv Nagra. The recipient was Lieut. General A.A.K. ("Tiger") Niazi, commander of Pakistan's 60,000 troops in East Bengal and a one-time college classmate of Nagra's. Minutes before the expiration of India's cease-fire demand, Niazi last week bowed to the inevitable. By United Nations radio, he informed the Indian command that he was prepared

Brigadier General H.S. Kler lost his patches and almost his turban when the grateful crowd engulfed him.

Late that afternoon as dusk was beginning to fall, General Niazi and Lieut. General Jagjit Singh Aurora, commander of India's forces in the East, signed the formal surrender of the Pakistani army on the grassy lawn of Dacca's Race Course. Niazi handed over his revolver to Aurora, and the two men shook hands. Then, as the Pakistani commander was driven away in a Jeep, Aurora was lifted onto the shoulders of the cheering crowd.

Thus, 13 days after it began, the brief-

feat. The war stripped Pakistan of more than half of its population and, with nearly one-third of its army in captivity, clearly established India's military dominance of the subcontinent.

Considering the magnitude of the victory, New Delhi was surprisingly restrained in its reaction. Mostly, Indian leaders seemed pleased by the relative ease with which they had accomplished their goals—the establishment of Bangladesh and the prospect of an early return to their homeland of 10 million Bengali refugees who were the cause of the war. In announcing the surrender to the Indian Parliament, Prime



FEETE / AP/WIDEWORLD

to surrender his army unconditionally.

Less than an hour later, Indian troops rode triumphantly into Dacca as Bengalis went delirious with joy. "It was liberation day," cabled TIME Correspondent Dan Coggan. "Dacca exploded in an ecstasy of hard-won happiness. There was wild gunfire in the air, impromptu parades, hilarity and horn honking, and processions of jammed trucks and cars, all mounted with the green, red and gold flag of Bangladesh. Bengalis hugged and kissed Indian *jawans*, stuck marigolds in their gun barrels and showered them with garlands of jasmine. If 'Jai Bangla' (Victory to Bengal!) was screamed once, it was screamed a million times. Even Indian generals got involved. Nagra climbed on the hood of his Jeep and led the shouting of slogans for Bangladesh and its imprisoned leader, Sheik Mujibur Rahman. Brig-

Village destroyed by retreating Pakistani army burns (above) as Bengalis give India's Major General Gandharv Nagra and Brigadier General H.S. Kler a heroes' welcome (right top). Pakistani soldiers surrender (right), at Jamalpur, after one of the worst battles. Victims of Dacca orphanage bombing (far right).

est but bitterest of the wars between India and Pakistan" came to an end. The surrender also marked the end of the nine-month-old civil war between East and West Pakistan. Next day Pakistan's President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan reluctantly accepted India's cease-fire on the western border. It was a complete and humiliating de-

* The first, from October 1947 to Jan. 1, 1949, took place in Kashmir and resulted in the almost equal division of the disputed state. The second was the Rann of Kutch affair on India's southwestern border from April to June 1965. The third, in the fall of 1965, occurred in Kashmir and lasted 22 days.

Minister Indira Gandhi declared: "Dacca is now the free capital of a free country. We hail the people of Bangladesh in their hour of triumph. All nations who value the human spirit will recognize it as a significant milestone in man's quest for liberty."

Although both sides claimed at week's end that the cease-fire was being violated, serious fighting did appear to be over for the present. Initial fears that India might make a pitch to capture Pakistani Kashmir proved to be unfounded. India undoubtedly wanted to risk neither a hostile Moslem uprising in the region nor Chinese intervention. But sev-







eral major issues between India and Pakistan remain—and it may well take months to resolve them: 1) repatriation of Pakistan's 60,000 regular troops in the East, 2) release of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, whom the Bangladesh government has proclaimed President but who is still imprisoned in West Pakistan on charges of treason, 3) disposition of various chunks of territory that the two countries have seized from each other along the western border.

Mrs. Gandhi may well try to ransom Mujib in exchange for release of the Pakistani soldiers. India is also expected to press for a redrawing of the cease-fire line that has divided the disputed region of Kashmir since 1949. The Indians have captured 50 strategic Pakistani outposts in the high Kashmiri

mountains. These are the same outposts that India captured in 1965, and then gave up as part of the 1966 Tashkent Agreement: India is not likely to be as accommodating this time.

In the chili, arid air of Islamabad, West Pakistan's military regime was finding it difficult to come to grips with the extent of the country's ruin. Throughout the conflict there had been a bizarre air of unreality in the West, as Pakistani arms officials consistently claimed they were winning when quite the reverse was true. Late last week the Pakistani government still seemed unable to accept its defeat; simultaneously with the announcement of the cease-fire, officials handed newsmen an outline of Yahya's plans for a new constitution. Among other things, it pro-



vides "that the republic shall have two capitals, at Islamabad and at Dacca." It adds: "The principal seat of Parliament will be located in Dacca." That will, of course, be news to Bangladesh.

President Yahya Khan had declared the conflict a *jihad* (holy war) and, even while surrender was being signed in the East, he was boasting that his nation would "engage the aggressor on all fronts." He became the first political victim of the conflict. At week's end, Yahya announced that he would step down in favor of Deputy Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, head of the Pakistan People's Party. A rabid anti-India, pro-China politician who served as Foreign Minister in the government of former President Agha Khan, Bhutto was the chief architect of Pakistan's alliance with China. In the nation's first free election last December, his party ran second to Mujib's Awami League. Regarding that as a threat to his own ambitions, Bhutto was instrumental in persuading Yahya to set aside the election results.

Ali Bhutto, who had a brief in-



Pakistani patrol passes half-buried body of soldier killed near Chhamb in Kashmir (left); Indian prisoner peers through bars (top); casualty of battle of Jamulpur (center); Indian general receives joyous welcome in Dacca (above).



ALI BHUTTO AT THE U.N.



MRS. GANDHI IN NEW DELHI
A new self-assurance.

Interview with President Nixon last Saturday concerning "restoration of stability in South Asia," will return to Islamabad this week to head what Yahya said would be "a representative government." A dramatic, emotional orator who tearfully stalked out of the U.N. Security Council last week to protest its inaction on the war, Bhutto has recently made little secret of his displeasure with the military regime. "The people of Pakistan are angry," he fumed last week. "The generals have messed up the land."

Yahya's overconfidence had undoubtedly been fed by the outcome of the two nations' previous tangles, all of them inconclusive territorial disputes that altered little and allowed both sides to claim victory. This time, though, the Indians felt they were fighting for a moral cause. Pakistan's army in the East, moreover, was cut off by Indian air and naval superiority from the West, and had to contend with a hostile local population as well as the combined forces of the tough Mukti Ba-

hini guerrillas and a numerically superior and better-equipped Indian army. Despite the brief duration of the war, the fighting was fierce. The Indians alone reported 10,633 casualties—2,307 killed, 6,163 wounded, 2,163 missing in action. Pakistan's casualties, not yet announced, are believed to be much higher, and there are no figures at all for guerrilla losses.

Battle of the Tanks. India also claims to have destroyed 244 Pakistani tanks, against a loss of 73 of its own. No fewer than 60 tanks—45 of Pakistan's, 15 of India's—were knocked out in the last day of the war in a fierce struggle that raged for more than 24 hours. The incident took place on the Punjab plains, where the Indians tried to draw the Pakistanis out of the town of Shakargarh (meaning "the place of sugar"), in order to attack the important Pakistani military garrison of Sialkot.

In the East, Indian troops skirted cities and villages whenever possible in order to avoid civilian casualties, a strategy that also scattered the demoralized Pakistani forces and led to their defeat. After the signing of the surrender, a military spokesman in New Delhi announced triumphantly: "Not a single individual was killed in Dacca after the surrender." Unhappily, that turned out not to be true. One report said that Bengali guerrillas had executed more than 400 *razakars*, members of the West Pakistani army's much-hated local militia.

Although General Aurora was firm in his insistence that the Mukti Bahini disarm, it was unlikely that the bloodshed could be totally halted for some time. The new government of Bangladesh, if only to satisfy public opinion, will almost certainly hold a number of war-crimes trials of captured members of the former East Pakistan government. Potentially the most explosive situation is the Bengali desire for vengeance against the 1,500,000 Biharis—non-Bengali Moslems living in East Pakistan, many of whom are suspected of collaborating with the Pakistani army. In some villages, the Biharis have been locked in jails for their own protection. In an unusual conciliatory gesture, Aurora permitted Pakistani soldiers to keep their weapons until they had reached prison camps. He explained: "You have to see the bitterness in Dacca to believe it."

The Losers. Islamabad, of course, was the principal loser in the outcome of the war. But there were two others as well. One was the United Nations. The Security Council last week groped desperately toward trying to achieve an international consensus on what to do about the struggle, and ended up with seven cease-fire resolutions that were never acted upon at all. The other loser was Washington, which had tried to bring about a political settlement, but from the New Delhi viewpoint—and to other observers as well—appeared wholeheartedly committed

to the support of Pakistan's military dictatorship.

Indian anger at U.S. backing of Pakistan was compounded last week when the nuclear-powered aircraft carrier *Enterprise* and a task force of destroyers and amphibious ships from the Seventh Fleet sailed into the Bay of Bengal. Although Soviet vessels were reported to be moving toward the area, word of the U.S. move touched off a storm of anti-American demonstrations. In Calcutta, angry protesters burned effigies of Richard Nixon and Yahya Khan. The Seventh Fleet action was justified by the Navy on the grounds that it might have to evacuate American civilians from Dacca. (As it turned out, most of the foreigners who wanted to leave were flown out the same day the carrier left Vietnamese waters by three British transports.) All across India, though, there were rumors that the Navy had been sent to rescue Pakistani troops and that the U.S. was about to intervene in the war.

Lip Service. Mrs. Gandhi made several gestures to try to dampen the anti-American feeling, and refused to allow debate in the Indian Parliament on the U.S. moves. But she also sent a long, accusatory and somewhat self-serving letter to President Nixon, in which she argued that the war could have been avoided "if the great leaders of the world had paid some attention to the fact of revolt, tried to see the reality of the situation and searched for a genuine basis for reconciliation." Instead, Mrs. Gandhi said, only "lip service was paid to the need for a political solution, but not a single worthwhile step was taken to bring this about."

India's triumph is in large measure a stunning personal one for Mrs. Gandhi. Throughout the crisis Indians have been united behind her as never before, and she is even being compared with the Hindu goddess Durga, who rid the world of the demon Mahasura. Quite apart from the war, India seems to be feeling a new self-assurance. The land that for centuries was synonymous with famine now enjoys a wheat surplus and will soon become self-sufficient in rice, thanks to the Green Revolution. Mrs. Gandhi, backed by an overwhelming mandate in last March's elections, has been able to bring about a large measure of political stability for the first time since Nehru's death. India is still poverty-ridden and in need of foreign aid, but its industries are developing rapidly in size and sophistication. All these factors, reinforced by military victory, may bring profound psychological change in India and a lessening of corrosive self-doubt.

For that reason, there is no feeling in New Delhi that the Soviet Union, whose aid was primarily diplomatic rather than military, in any way won this war for India—any more than China or the U.S. lost it for Pakistan. De-

spite the current popularity of the Soviet Union and the unpopularity of the U.S., Indians are probably as horrified by Russian totalitarianism and Chinese Maoism as by what they consider "American materialism." In the long run, India's new-found strength could conceivably lessen rather than enlarge Soviet influence.

Essential Reconstruction. Meanwhile the huge task of reconstruction in Bangladesh begins. India has already set a

target date of Jan. 31 as the goal for the return of all 10 million refugees. Free bus service is being provided, and vehicles loaded down with belongings and passengers have begun rolling back across the borders to Bangladesh. The Indian Planning Commission, which charts India's overall development program, estimates that it will take nearly \$900 million for essential reconstruction work in Bangladesh and for the refugees' rehabili-

itation. Bridges, buildings, roads and almost the entire communications network must be restored.

The State Department has made it plain that Washington stands ready to supply Bangladesh with humanitarian aid. At week's end Bangladesh's Acting President Syed Nazrul Islam and his government were already settled in Dacca, and Washington was said to be considering recognition of the new nation.

"We Know How the Parisians Felt"

TIME Correspondent Dan Coggin, who covered the war from the Pakistani side, was in Dacca when that city surrendered. His report:

FOR twelve tense days, Dacca felt the war draw steadily closer, with nightly curfews and blackouts and up to a dozen air raids a day. It was a siege of sorts, but one of liberation. Until the last few days, when it appeared that Pakistani troops would make a final stand in the city, the Indian army was awaited calmly and without fear. Most people went about their usual business—offices were open, rickshaws running and pushcarts plowing. The sweet tea of the street stalls drew the same gabby old fellows with white beards. The mood of the overwhelming majority of Bengalis was less one of apprehension than pent-up anticipation. Said one Bengali journalist: "Now we know how the Parisians felt when the Allies were approaching."

The Indian air force had knocked out the Pakistanis' runways and, outside of the limited range of ack-ack guns, Indian planes could fly as freely as if they were at an air show. I was surprised at the extent to which India could do no wrong in the eyes of the Bengalis. They showed me through rocketed houses where about 15 people had died. Several Bengalis whispered that it must have been a mistake, and I heard no one cursing the Indians.

In the final two days of fighting, the Indians put rockets on the governor's house, starting a small fire and bringing about the prompt resignation of the Islamabad-appointed governor and his cabinet of so-called *dalals*, or "collaborators." They fled to the eleven-story Hotel Intercontinental, a Red Cross neutral zone that became a haven for foreigners, minorities and other likely targets. Thanks to three gutsy British C-130 pilots who made pinpoint landings on the heavily damaged airfield, all who wanted to go went, including two mynah birds and a gray toy poodle named "Baby" that had been on tranquilizers for a week.

Also at the hotel were all of ex-Governor A.M. Malik's cabinet members, who were mostly hand-picked opportunists from minor parties. They are



MOURNING BOMB VICTIMS IN DACCA

expected to face trial as war criminals. Their wives and other Pakistani women lived in fear, and the frequent moaning from their rooms at the Intercontinental contrasted eerily with the noisy candlelight poker and chess games of the correspondents who were not standing four-hour guard duty to keep out intruders. The hotel roof could hardly have been a better place for TV crews to grind away at air strikes. During the raids, shrapnel was occasionally fished out of the swimming pool, and a large time bomb planted in the hotel was disarmed and replanted in a trench on the nearby lawns. Beer soon ran out, but there was always fish or something else tasty for those cured of curry.

Outside the city, reporters had to go looking for the war, and for the first few days they found the countryside, more often than not, as peaceful as North Carolina during military maneuvers. "We'll give those buggers a good hammering" had been a favorite boast of Pakistani officers. But once the serious fighting began, only a few of the outnumbered and outgunned Pakistani units fought it out in pitched battles.

One of the bloodiest was at Jamal-

pur north of Dacca, where the Pakistani battalion commander was sent a surrender offer by one of the three Indian battalions surrounding him. The Pakistani colonel replied with a note ("I suggest you come with a Sten gun instead of a pen over which you have such mastery") and enclosed a 7.62-mm. bullet. Apparently thinking the Indians were bluffing and that he was confronted by only a company or so, the Pakistani colonel attacked that night, with five waves of about 100 men each charging head-on at a dug-in Indian battalion. The Indians claimed to have killed nearly 300 and captured 400 others. The top Indian commander at Jamalpur, Brigadier General Hardev Singh Kler, 47, said later that the battle "broke the Pakistanis' backs" and enabled his troops to reach Dacca first. A Pakistani officer waving a white flag went to a Mirpur bridge two miles west of the city to make the first surrender contact.

"It's a great day for a soldier," beamed the Indian field commander, bush-hatted Major General Gandharv Nagra, who led the first red-bereted troops in. "For us, it's like going into Berlin." The scene at the Dacca garrison's cantonment seemed bizarre to an outsider, although it was obviously perfectly natural for professional soldiers of the subcontinent. Senior officers were warmly embracing old friends from the other side, amid snatches of overheard conversation about times and places 25 years ago. Top generals lunched together in the mess, and around general headquarters it was like an old home week at the war college.

After the surrender of Dacca, death was mixed with delight. Small pockets of Pakistani soldiers switched to civilian clothes and ran through the city of celebrants shooting at Bengalis and Mukti Bahini at random. By midday Friday most of them had been hunted down and either arrested or killed. I saw one summarily executed by three Mukti outside the U.S. Consulate General that morning, and a few minutes later the head of another Pakistani was laid on the corpse's chest. Civilians and soldiers were killed in nervous shootouts and accidents. Five died in front of the Hotel Intercontinental, as South Asia's greatest convulsion since the partition of India and Pakistan neared its bloody finale.

YUGOSLAVIA Crisis in Croatia

For four nights last week, students rioted in the Croatian city of Zagreb. The demonstrations, which left 400 students under arrest, were one of the worst outbreaks of civil disorder in Yugoslavia since the Communists took control more than 26 years ago. What brought on the violence was a long-simmering dispute between the 4,300,000 fiery-tempered Croats, who form the second-largest and politically most troublesome of Yugoslavia's six republics, and their ancient enemies the Serbs, who have traditionally dominated the central government in Belgrade.

The confrontation took place despite the best efforts of President Josip Broz Tito to prevent it. Tito last summer forced the central government to sur-

the agitation since it forced the Belgrade leaders to grant even more concessions to Croatia.

The showdown began three weeks ago when 30,000 Croatian students went out on strike in support of the nationalistic demands. The revolt convinced Tito that the republic's Communist leaders had lost control of the situation and that Yugoslav unity was endangered. He denounced the strike as "counter-revolutionary" and sharply criticized Croatian party leaders for allowing the separatist forces to exploit the republic's economic grievances. At a hastily convened conference of Croatian leaders, Tito declared that he had lost faith in their promises to work harder at controlling the separatists. "Criticism as a kind of confession, followed by sinning again, is not enough," he told them.

They took the hint. Two days later,

crackers, singing nationalistic songs, and chanting the names of their arrested and ousted leaders.

At week's end, Zagreb was quiet. But there was still a possibility that unrest might break out again in Croatia. One newly appointed party leader even charged that the demonstrations were part of a plot to establish a pretext for Soviet intervention. Now 79, Tito is determined to create a viable federal system that will enable his factionalized country to survive after he is no longer there to act as its stern father. The Croatian crisis is a reminder that that task may be too much even for Tito.

NORTHERN IRELAND Acceptable Violence?

In the midst of a quiet evening at his country home near the Northern Ireland town of Strabane, Senator John Barnhill, 65, a prosperous Protestant businessman, answered a knock at the door. He was shot dead by three members of the Irish Republican Army, who had crossed over the unguarded border from Eire a few hundred yards away. The gunmen then ordered Barnhill's wife out, placed a bomb near the body and blew up the house. Thus began another normal week in Ulster.

Surprisingly, responsibility for Barnhill's assassination was accepted by the Marxist but moderate "Official" wing of the I.R.A., which has strongly opposed violence and criticized the guerrilla tactics of the army's more militant Provisionals. But the Provisionals, as it happens, were also busy. Two days after Barnhill's death, seven raids were made on the homes of wealthy Protestants—most of them magistrates or city councilors—in Belfast's Malone Road district, hitherto untouched by terrorism. Two houses were wrecked by bombs, the husband of Edith Taggart, Ulster's only woman Senator, was struck with a pistol butt, the wife of a city councilor was slightly wounded by gunshot, and a reserve army sergeant was shot critically in the chest and neck. No deaths resulted because the raids were either bungled, thwarted by the resistance of the householders, or ill-planned.

Familiar Incidents. The week featured other familiar incidents of violence on both sides. A 22-year-old British soldier was killed in Belfast by a sniper; Catholic gunmen even sprayed bullets at the ambulance that carried him to a hospital. I.R.A. guerrillas blasted a Belfast printing factory with a gelignite bomb and planted fire bombs in two shops and a customs office, in incidents similar to one the week before that killed four people, including a 17-month-old boy when a furniture store was blown up. At Coalisland, a gloomy Catholic town 40 miles west of Belfast, members of the Protestant-dominated Ulster Defense Regiment mistook a 16-year-old boy, Martin McShane, for an I.R.A. gunman and shot him to death. In response, several hundred Coalisland



DR. DABČEVIĆ-KUČAR ADDRESSING POLITICAL RALLY IN CROATIA
Confession, followed by sin, was not enough.

render much of its political and economic powers to the country's six republics and two autonomous provinces. The Croats, as it turned out, were not satisfied. Encouraged by extremist exile groups in West Germany and Eastern Europe, many Croats continued to accuse the central government of taking away too much of the republic's earnings from foreign tourists and giving the money to less prosperous Yugoslav regions. Some Croatian nationalists even demanded a separate Croatian army, a separate airline and separate membership in the United Nations.

Out of Control. Croatia's Communist leaders, most notably Dr. Savka Dabčević-Kučar, the brilliant woman economist who for the past three years has served as chairman of the Central Committee, seemed either incapable or unwilling to halt the separatist agitation. In fact, some observers suggested that committee members secretly welcomed

in an unusual televised session of the Croatian Central Committee, seven ranking leaders, including Dr. Dabčević-Kučar, confessed their shortcomings and handed in their resignations. At Tito's behest, one of his old associates from days agreed to supervise the re-building of the Croatian party. He is Vladoimir Bakarić, 59, who is a member of the Executive Bureau in Belgrade, which is the party's equivalent of a collective federal presidency. He favors greater economic and political autonomy for Croatia but within the framework of the Yugoslav federation.

The purge touched off more demonstrations by students and other young Croatian nationalists. While police helicopters circled overhead, and gray land rovers full of armed militiamen cruised the streets, the protesters milled about beneath brightly lit New Year's decorations on Republic Square in the center of Zagreb, throwing fire-



GRIEVING FOR BABY KILLED IN BELFAST
Putting reconciliation farther away.

youths rioted; four government vehicles were burned or wrecked.

Faced with the escalation of violence, Britain's Home Secretary Reginald Maudling hinted that London might be pondering a more flexible Ulster policy. After conferring with Protestant leaders, Maudling allowed at a press conference the possibility that the I.R.A. gunmen would "not be defeated, not completely eliminated, but have their violence reduced to an acceptable level." Any lasting solution, he went on, "cannot be achieved by military action alone." The statement appeared to mean that Maudling is now convinced—as he did not seem to be just a few weeks ago—that substantial political changes, well beyond the reforms already offered by Northern Ireland Prime Minister Brian Faulkner's government, will have to be made to placate the bitterly alienated Catholic half of Ulster's population.

War Threat. Maudling's cautious remarks were immediately denounced by Ulster's militant Protestants. "There is no level of violence," roared the Rev. Ian Paisley at Stormont, "that will be acceptable to the people of Northern Ireland." I.R.A. violence is also becoming increasingly unacceptable to the Irish Republic, where many of the gunmen take refuge. No Irish politician can appear to be responding to British pressure, and none can afford to overlook southern public sympathy for the I.R.A. and the plight of Catholics in the North. Nonetheless, the Republic's Prime Minister John Lynch in recent weeks has ordered increased border patrols by the Irish army. The I.R.A. militants who use the South as a sanctuary seem to be apprehensive that he will take further action against them. A Provisional spokesman warned last week: "If Lynch orders internment, it will be resisted

in all ways, including military."

Angrily responding to this threat, Lynch hinted that he might recall Irish troops from U.N. peacekeeping duty in Cyprus to crush any outbreak of I.R.A. terrorism in the Republic. "As far as the government is concerned," he told Parliament, "the I.R.A. will not be allowed to usurp the functions of this government or this Parliament. They have no mandate from anybody." He added: "Every bomb exploded, every bullet shot, not only by the I.R.A. men but by the British—and, especially, every innocent person who loses his life—puts the day of reconciliation farther and farther away."

CUBA

Attack in the Caribbean

Shortly after noon last Wednesday, the radio in the Miami office of the Bahamas Line shipping company crackled with an emergency message. It came from the captain of the *Johnny Express*, a slow (12-knot), 1,500-ton freighter returning to Miami after delivering general cargo to Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Captain José Villa, a Cuban exile who is now a U.S. citizen, reported that as his ship was passing between the West Caicos Islands and the Inaguas in the Bahamas, a Cuban patrol boat demanded that he submit to a search. When he refused to stop, the Cubans opened fire. Villa was badly hurt and so were some members of the 13-man crew, many of whom were Dominicans.

As the attack continued, Villa talked for nearly an hour with the Miami office. Excerpts:

Villa: Notify the Coast Guard. We have wounded.

Miami: Affirmative, affirmative.

Villa: These people are finishing us.

Miami: Tell us if they are still firing.

Villa: Yes, they are still firing. Have the helicopter come quickly. I'm badly wounded.

Moments later, the radio of the *Johnny Express* fell silent. In a flagrant breach of freedom of the seas, the Cubans rammed and boarded the freighter, then towed it to a port on Cuba's north coast. The Coast Guard helicopter never arrived. Partly because the ship was sailing under the Panamanian flag and partly because the incident took place outside U.S. territorial waters, the Coast Guard delayed its response to the call for more than an hour.

Washington's official response was even slower. At first the State Department said only that the U.S. could make no protest since the ship was registered in Panama. Then, as the impact of Cuba's piratical act sank in, President Nixon personally intervened. As a sign of his concern, the President received Villa's wife at Key Biscayne and promised to do his best to secure the captain's immediate release. Later, the U.S. warned Cuba that it would take "all measures under international law" to protect American and other ships from further attacks, and U.S. war planes and naval

units began to patrol the Caribbean.

Cuba was unrepentant. The owners of the freighter are the Baham brothers, members of a wealthy Cuban family that settled in Miami twelve years ago. Radio Havana claimed that the Bahams are front men for the CIA and that last October the ship took part in a machine-gunning raid on the Cuban seaside town of Boca de Santa, in which several people were killed and wounded. Earlier this month the Cubans seized another Baham freighter, the *Isla Express*, near Great Inagua. That ship and its crew are still in Cuba.

So far, the Cuban naval offensive has been directed at solely Baham-owned ships. But Radio Havana warned that Cuban gunboats would have no compunction whatsoever about seizing any vessel "under any flag or camouflage" that they believed had been engaged in "counter-revolutionary activities."

COSTA RICA

Terrorizing Terrorists

Never one to back away from a fight, Costa Rica's cocky little (5 1/2 in.) President José Figueres Ferrer, 65, last week took a very personal hand in foiling a boringly familiar contemporary crime—the hijacking of a jetliner.

"Don Pepe" had just finished a rousing speech in the coffee-growing town of Puriscal, about 20 miles from the capital of San José, when an aide handed him an urgent message. Figueres' old fighting spirit flared as he read that three gunmen from Nicaragua had hijacked a Nicaraguan BAC 1-11 with 40 passengers and six crew members aboard. The plane had just made an unscheduled landing at San José airport. Would the President authorize refueling it for the flight on to Havana, or pro-



FIGUERES WITH SUBMACHINE GUN
"No damn plane and no damn deal."

viding a new plane for the trip? "To hell with this!" exclaimed Don Pepe. "No damn plane and no damn deal."

Jumping into his chauffeur-driven BMW, he set off for the airport, frequently hitting 110 m.p.h. on the straightaways. Over his car radio, Figueres dictated his detailed instructions for "terrorizing the terrorists," who were members of the Nicaraguan National Liberation Front. Two hundred armed civilian guardsmen should surround the plane. The runway should be blocked, the plane's tires deflated. Don Pepe repeatedly shouted into the radio, "Boys, this is war!"

On the Air. By the time Figueres arrived at the airport, the hijackers had shown that they meant business by shooting one passenger, the son of Nicaragua's Minister of Agriculture, in the arm and abdomen. They had released the other passengers, but were holding the crew members as hostages in the plane. Costa Rica's radio stations were able to tune in on the conversation between air crew and tower, so that the entire country could hear one stewardess pleading: "For the love of God, let us go to Cuba! Otherwise, they'll kill us."

Unmoved, Figueres grabbed an M-3 submachine gun, ran to the scene and ordered his troopers to pump tear gas into the jetliner's ventilating system. Moments later firing broke out inside the plane. Don Pepe gave the order to attack. "Get them!" he cried. The plane's rear door suddenly dropped open and a stewardess hurtled down the steps uninjured. One of the gunmen followed, but was cut down by a hail of bullets before he hit the ground. After that, the two other skyjackers surrendered, and the crew escaped without injury.

Don Pepe meanwhile was fighting with his own guards, who were trying to wrestle a submachine gun away from him in order to keep him from getting hurt in any shootout. Even though Figueres did not get to fire a single shot, he was pleased with his performance.

GREAT BRITAIN

Raises For Royalty

Queen Elizabeth II surprised Parliament last May by sending a "gracious message" to Westminster asking for a raise in her allowance. In an age when most of her subjects take an annual wage increase for granted, the Queen was struggling to run the royal household on a budget of \$1,187,500 that had not been increased since she succeeded to the throne in 1952. During that time, wages in Britain had increased 126% and prices by 74%; last year, expenditures for the royal household exceeded the allowance by \$675,000, which Her Majesty had to make up from other sources of income.

Financial Plight. In response to the plea, Commons established a select committee, headed by Chancellor of the Exchequer Anthony Barber, to examine the royal family's financial plight. Its re-

port provided Britons with a rare glimpse of budgetary problems at Buckingham Palace. Since 1952, the Queen's food costs have risen from \$72,175 a year to \$110,000, upkeep of the royal carriage horses from \$11,103 to \$28,770, and newspapers from \$663 to an imposing \$3,638.

To offset rising costs, the Queen has dropped 70 people from her domestic staff, leaving only 46 to run Buckingham Palace. The job of winding and cleaning palace clocks has been contracted to a private firm. Even the royal gardens are now expected to pay their way; in a good year, sale of their flowers, mushrooms and vegetables returns a small profit.

Last week, following a brisk debate on the costs and benefits of the mon-

archy, the Commons voted 300 to 27 to raise the Queen's allowance by 106%, to \$2,450,000. That cleared the way for a less controversial government proposal—to increase M.P.'s pay by a relatively modest 38%, to \$11,250 a year, a measure that is expected to pass easily this week.

What the Blazes. In arguing for the raise, sympathetic M.P.'s made the point that the Queen performs her extensive state duties with skill, dignity and without the slightest hint of indiscretion. "The total cost of all aspects of the monarchy," said the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "does not much exceed the cost of the embassy in Washington." Some Laborites, however, objected to voting the increase at a time when nearly 1,000,000 Britons are out of work and the government is trying to hold



QUEEN ELIZABETH & PRINCE CHARLES IN ROYAL CARRIAGE (1969)

Won't someone buy a flower?

archy, the Commons voted 300 to 27 to raise the Queen's allowance by 106%, to \$2,450,000. That cleared the way for a less controversial government proposal—to increase M.P.'s pay by a relatively modest 38%, to \$11,250 a year, a measure that is expected to pass easily this week.

What galled some opposition M.P.'s about the raise was that the Queen's allowance, which is paid from the "civil list" and is intended to defray her official expenditures, represents only a small portion of her total income, none of which is taxed. In addition to the allowance, she has the use of the "privy purse," about \$750,000 a year in revenues from the Duchy of Lancaster, lands that Henry III seized from two rebellious barons in 1265. This revenue pays for the Queen's personal expenditures as head of state, including clothing (about \$75,000 worth a year) and upkeep of Sandringham and Balmoral castles, which she owns outright.

Furthermore, various government de-

union wage demands to 5%. Mainly, the dissenters concentrated their fire on the raises for other members of the royal family: the Queen Mother, to \$237,500; Prince Philip, to \$162,500; the Duke of Gloucester, to \$112,500; Princess Margaret, to \$87,500; and 21-year-old Princess Anne, to \$37,500.

Fiery Labor M.P. William Hamilton was particularly appalled by the increase for the Queen Mother, who has a staff of 33, including five ladies of the bedchamber and eleven women of the bedchamber. "What the blazes do they do?" he asked. "What size bedchamber is this?" Hamilton may have gone too far in bluntly describing Princess Margaret as "this expensive kept woman." Snapped a Conservative M.P.: "This is an obscene speech." Perhaps so, but many Britons share the concern of a Labor M.P. who wondered how the government can afford raises for the royal family but not for old-age pensioners, "to keep them from dying of cold and starvation this winter."

BUILDING A NEW JERUSALEM

CHRISTMAS in the Holy Land is an occasion that strains piety. For one thing, it is not one festival but three—Dec. 25 for Roman Catholics and Protestants, Jan. 7 for the Orthodox churches and Jan. 19 for Armenian Christians. More disconcerting, the details for the rites on these separate feast days that celebrate the birth of Jesus are spelled out in a 75-page, three-language manual whose rules are enforced by Israeli military authorities. That is one of the more delicate tasks undertaken by the new rulers of old Jerusalem, who have essayed the rule making only because the churches, which jealously share jurisdiction over the Christian holy places, are so touchy about privilege and eminence that an impartial arbitrator is required to solve their disputes. So much for the peace that passes understanding in Jerusalem, the golden city that has witnessed 20 centuries of conflict between the zealots of the Almighty.

Today, though, the primary battle over Jerusalem is political. The city stands at the heart of the bitter dispute about the future of the occupied territories captured by Israel during the Six-Day War of 1967. During that war, Israeli troops seized the Jordanian-held Old City and other Arab sectors. Even before the guns went silent, the Israelis declared that, whatever the fate of the other occupied territories, a reunited Jerusalem had returned to Israel forever. Confirming that view, two weeks after the war Israel's Parliament decreed that Jordanian Jerusalem had been annexed in an "administrative unification." Since then the residents of Jerusalem—who include 216,000 Israelis, 70,000 Arabs and 3,000 Americans, Europeans and Armenians—have lived in uneasy juxtaposition while peace negotiations remain stalled. Their political fate has not been settled to anyone's satisfaction, and neither has the disposition of the holy places, which this year alone have drawn 620,000 pilgrims from round the world. In fact, Israel's unilateral annexation of Jerusalem has been roundly condemned by the United Nations and world opinion. Israel has so far brusquely rejected the criticism, insisting that the city's future is non-negotiable.

Despite their importance to Israel or the Arabs, the world finds it difficult to excite itself unduly about the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights, the wastes of Sinai or even the fertile lands of the Jordan's West Bank. But Jerusalem, symbol of monotheism to East and West, a city steeped in history and mysticism, renowned in literature and poetry—that is another matter entirely. Nowhere else in the world can be found such a concentration of religious shrines of importance to so many people. The main objective of Israeli troops in June 1967 was the Wailing Wall, a surviving remnant of the rampart that encircled the Second Temple, which was destroyed in A.D. 70 by vengeful Romans. Beyond the Wall stand Al Aqsa Mosque and the Dome of the Rock, which marks the spot where Mohammed, around A.D. 620, is said to have started his remarkable "Night Jour-

ney" to the seven heavens in company with the Archangel Gabriel. Near by are the Via Dolorosa, the path that Christians believe was followed by Jesus on the way to his crucifixion, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which stands on the spot where, tradition has it, he was placed in his tomb.

The problem, then, is the future of a city that is not only coveted by the state of Israel but is also sacred to three of the world's great religions. In the search for a solution, four proposals have been put forward: 1) a return to the boundaries and controls that existed before the Six-Day War; 2) internationalization under United Nations control of either all of Jerusalem or its sections with religious significance; 3) formalization of Israel's *de facto* control over the Old City as well as the new; and 4) acknowledgment of Israel's jurisdiction over the entire city, along with some measure of autonomy for both the shrines and the Arab population.



THE WAILING WALL WITH DOME OF THE ROCK IN BACKGROUND

the Wailing Wall. Abdullah's action was protested at the time by other members of the Arab League, as well as by many Palestinian Arabs, but only because they did not trust Abdullah's Hashemite ambitions. Today the U.S. and many other nations formally recognize neither Israel's right to control Jerusalem nor the claims to the Old City made by Abdullah's grandson, Jordan's King Hussein. To stress the point, 33 nations maintain embassies 35 miles away in Tel Aviv rather than in Jerusalem, which is now Israel's capital.

International control of all Jerusalem, which has been proposed in the past by both the Vatican and the U.S., is an uncertain remedy at best. The argument is that an international moderator, separating Arabs and Jews, would be to the city's advantage. But both groups are already living under Israeli jurisdiction without serious trouble; besides, a U.N. administration would have to deal with the contentious governments of Israel and Jordan, thereby adding an extra layer of bureaucracy to an already overadministered city.

The most workable solution for Jerusalem—even though now unacceptable to Egypt and its allies—would be to leave it in Israeli hands, but to make allowance for the

eventual rights of Palestinian Arabs. Even Arab leaders in occupied Jordan acknowledge that Mayor Teddy Kollek's supervision of the annexed territory has been generally benevolent and progressive. Arab residents have gained new schools, health centers, theaters, sewers, running water and electricity while paying only part of the taxes that Israelis pay. Part of this, obviously, is aimed at softening criticism of the Israeli annexation, yet most Arabs would still prefer to live under an Arab flag. Israel also recognizes the jurisdiction of Moslem religious courts and allows an Arab curriculum in Old City schools. "We have no intention of creating a melting pot or a monoculture here," says Kollek.

In contrast to the Jordanian government, which violated an 1852 agreement on the status quo of the holy places when it barred Jewish pilgrims from the Wailing Wall, Israel allows access to the Dome of the Rock and Al Aqsa Mosque to all Moslems, even those from nations with which it is technically at war. In fact, Israel's occupation has been altogether benevolent—with one exception. Earlier this year, Israel's housing minister mounted "a Zionist exhibition" by confiscating Arab land for high-rise apartments to be occupied by Jewish families. The proposal, since sealed down in response to foreign protest, was aesthetically bad, politically maladroit, and detracted from what was otherwise a reasonable argument for Israeli control of the city.

From a theological viewpoint, at least, a Jerusalem under Israeli jurisdiction makes certain sense. More than for Christianity or Islam, the city has special meaning for Judaism. For Moslems, Jerusalem invokes deep feelings, and the Dome of the Rock makes the city the third holiest for Moslems after Mecca and Medina. Still, there is no imperative for the devout to visit the Dome as there is for them to make a hadj to Mecca. For Christians, the city will always be a unique place of pilgrimage because of its role in Jesus' life, death and resurrection. But in the churches today spiritual guidance and administration flow from elsewhere: Roman Catholics, for instance, look to Rome and the Pope rather than to Jerusalem.

For the Jews, however, Jerusalem is their hearts' desire as pious individuals, their goal and fulfillment as the chosen people. The city is specifically mentioned 750 times in Hebrew Scripture, and referred to euphemistically as the "City of David," "Holy City" or "Temple Mount" a thousand times more. Some Talmudic scholars conceive of it as two cities, earthly and divine—"and so you find the Jerusalem above directly opposite the Jerusalem below," says this midrash. Jerusalem was the talisman on which Judaism in exile survived: on every Passover, Jews of the Diaspora promised one another: "Next year in Jerusalem." Even for unreligious Israelis, of whom there are many, Jerusalem possesses a certain mystique because, in Israeli hands, it represents the continuity and justification of Jewish history. "I never go to the Wailing Wall to pray," admits one young secular Jerusalemit. "But I go often to the Wall."

Thus Judaism and its heir, Israel, have a commanding moral claim to Jerusalem. Even so, what is really needed is a declaration that this claim can be implemented democratically rather than in Old Testament theocratic fashion, that Palestinians who have lived there for centuries have political rights too. For justice to be served, their rights must be considered even if Jerusalem, in a final settlement, remains under overall Israeli control. In spite of the material benefits brought by unification, the Arabs in Jerusalem still have second-class rank. They carry both Jordanian pass-

ports and Israeli I.D. cards, vote in municipal but not in national elections, and have little effective voice in city operations, partly because many refuse to cooperate with Kollek. They live in wary coexistence not only with Israel but also with Hussein, who alienated them last year by turning his Bedouin army against the Palestinian guerrillas operating in Jordan.

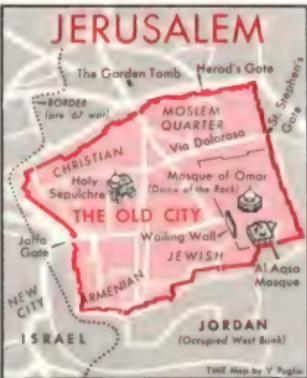
Aware of their enmity, Hussein has promised the 680,000 Palestinian Arabs in Jerusalem and the West Bank the right of self-determination. Their likely course, as the King well knows, is to side with him. But if they were to decide on independence or, less likely, some kind of a confederation with Israel, the establishment of a part of Jerusalem as the capital of a new Palestinian nation might be justified. Mayor Kollek is considering the idea of a five-borough system for the city, under which the Arabs would gain more autonomy. Such a system could be developed to accommodate two governments in Jerusalem without resorting to new walls or barbed wire. If an Arab Palestine were created—a utopian proposal that most Israelis reject as implausible—territorial control of monuments sacred to Islam should then pass to the new nation.

Even without such a joint settlement, however, the disposition of the holy places must be part of any broader agreement on Jerusalem. Jewish and Moslem shrines will not present much difficulty. Israel is not anxious to continue unilateral responsibility for non-Jewish holy places: soon after the '67 war, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan offered to let any designated Arab flag fly over the Dome of the Rock and other Moslem shrines. The offer still holds. Since Moslems already administer the shrines and support them as well, Arab flags above the minarets would be largely a matter of symbolism. What national flags they ought to be, however, is a problem for Arabs to thresh out.

More difficult is the question of Christian shrines. The ancient jealousies of the various churches remain as strong as ever. When Pope Paul originally suggested that all of Jerusalem be internationalized, he did so not merely for the sake of peace, but also, presumably, to enhance the Vatican's role in administering the shrines. The momentum for citywide extraterritoriality has ebbed, however; currently Israel is negotiating with the churches involved to seek a consensus on a more narrow and functional form of extraterritoriality for the shrines. Greek Orthodox and Armenian pretlates would probably settle for simple diplomatic status. Rome is seeking "special status" for the holy places but has not yet defined the term.

Mostly, what is needed all around is the spirit of the law instead of its letter. Mayor Kollek's government last month provided an example of what that could be in announcing winners of an architectural competition to rebuild a section of the Jewish quarter of the Old City. Abandoned and vandalized under Jordanian occupation, the Jewish quarter could have become a chauvinist example of Israeli nationalism, much like that gratuitous housing project in the Arab sector. Instead, Mayor Kollek chose a plan in which existing stones will be used to build a new section of shops, apartments, plazas and landscaped, traffic-free streets. In effect, the plan highlights the flavor of old Jerusalem while emphasizing the practicalities of the modern city. Even with all good will, it will be difficult for such plans to defuse the deep passions felt by Arabs under Israeli rule. But if something as logical could be worked out on a broader scale, Jerusalem could become at last the golden city it was meant to be.

• Spencer L. Davidson



Fifteen hundred years ago Augustine said:

"The times are evil, but live nobly and you will change the times."

Today that should be our promise to ourselves, our families, our country and the world on this birthday of Christ; that whether the times be evil or not we promise to live nobly, after the fashion of Jesus, the model of human living. Twenty years ago it was our privilege to publish the prayer of Uncle Sam on his knees. This Christmas it is offered to another generation that has grown in the interim — perhaps to help them live more nobly and thus to change the times.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN

Y that You save us from ourselves.

the world that You have made for us, to live in peace, we have made into an armed camp.

We live in fear of war to come.

We are afraid of "the terror that flies by night and the arrow that flies by day,

the pestilence that walks in darkness and the destruction that wastes at noon-day."

We have turned from You to go our selfish way.

We have broken Your commandments and denied Your truth.

We have left Your altars to serve the false gods of money and pleasure and power.

Forgive us and help us.

Now, darkness gathers around us and we are confused in all our counsels,

losing faith in You, we lose faith in ourselves.

Inspire us with wisdom, all of us of every color, race and creed,
to use our wealth, our strength to help our brother, instead of destroying him.

Help us to do Your will as it is done in heaven
and to be worthy of Your promise of peace on earth.

Fill us with new faith, new strength and new courage,
that we may win the Battle for Peace.

Be swift to save us, dear God,
before the darkness falls.

X

Conrad N. Hilton
CONRAD N. HILTON

Barron Hilton
BARRON HILTON



Seattle is sending drunk drivers to a resort.

Nestled among the scenic mountains of King County, Washington, is a lodge called Cedar Hills.

It's out in the boondocks, what Seattlers call the dingweeds, and where a lot of surprised problem-drinking drivers are finding themselves after their second offense.

Here the Seattle/King County Alcohol Safety Action Program is conducting an innovative behavior modification program called PDD/CRASH.

(Problem Drinking Driver/Court Referred Action for Safer Highways.)

It's thirty days of intensive education and group dynamics, and it hopes to change the problem drinker's attitude toward his problem and toward his drinking as it relates to driving.

It's thirty days of help in place of thirty days in jail, which were doing no one any good.

PDD/CRASH is a brand new program. Only a handful of people have been through it so far.

It's still too early to measure success, but it is a rational, constructive step in the right direction.

PDD/CRASH is only part of the program being conducted in Seattle. Through their total effort and through efforts made by other Alcohol Safety Action Programs across the country, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration expects to come up with recommendations for an effective nationwide program to stop drunk driving.

State Farm endorses this effort because nearly thirty thousand drivers, passengers and pedestrians were killed last year in alcohol-related accidents.

The goal is to have 86 Alcohol Safety Action Programs throughout the country. To find out more about the programs and to find out what you can do to help them, write the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, Department of Transportation, Washington, D. C. 20590



PEOPLE

The stars twinkled once again over the dance floor, and *haute couture* fundaments warmed the zebra-striped banquette as Manhattan's El Morocco reopened its doors to the oglers and the ogled. There were plenty of oldtime international set pieces—**Poulette Goddard** flashing rubies and diamonds, **Hope Hampton** flashing silver sequins, **Aristotle Onassis** flashing **Jacqueline**. But there were signs, too, that the times they are a-changing. A disk jockey has replaced the orchestra. Dinner is a *prix fixe* \$8.50—less than the average tip in the Elmo's of the '30s and '40s—for the new El Morocco is a private, nonprofit club (initiation fee \$500, dues \$200). When somebody proposed a toast to Elmo's late founder **John Peron**, at least one young Ms. whispered, "Who's that?"

The rock group called the Mothers of Invention has confronted some harsh necessities in its current European tour. Replacing the instruments and equipment that were incinerated by a fire in France was bad enough. But replacing Lead Guitarist, Singer and Songsmith **Frank Zappa** is something else again. He will be out for three or four months with a compound leg fracture and other injuries received when an unappreciative music lover in London jumped up and threw him off the stage.

The problem of what **Mrs. Santa Claus** looks like was finally solved when **Martha Mitchell** joined in a telethon to raise money for Washington's Children's Hospital. Though she had been expected to stay only ten minutes or so,



MARTHA MITCHELL CLAUS
Hot lines.

she hung onto the phones—sometimes four at once—for a full hour, answering questions, mostly from children. Sample: "What do you feed Santa?" Mrs. Santa's answer: "Claus food."

Noting U.S. magazine pictures of Jesus freaks with *I LOVE JESUS* on their sweatshirts, **Pope Paul VI** mused in his general audience about these "curious and bizarre signs" of interest in Christ. "How all this happens cannot be explained," said the Pope. "But many attitudes of this paradoxical youth create a fashion that spreads with the speed of an epidemic. May it be that the time has come for a Jesus slogan?"

It was a put-on that anyone could see through. As the notorious Lady Caroline Lamb, whose affairs with Lord



SARAH MILES
Veteran breasts.

Byron and the Duke of Wellington enlivened England a century and a half ago. Actress **Sarah Miles** wears a dress of pure gossamer in her new movie *Lamb*. "One way or another," she says. "I've been naked in just about all my films—by now I've got a veteran pair of breasts. But I'm still not comfortable flashing them around. Although they seem well received." Sarah's husband, **Robert Bolt**, writer-director of *Lamb*, was more detached. "I suppose cynics will say that naked breasts are good for box office—and they are," he observed. "But these are naked breasts with a dramatic purpose."

It was win a little, lose a little for Ballerina **Natalia Makarova**, 30, who defected from Russia last year and joined the American Ballet Theater. She won a fiancé, **Vladimir Rodzianko**, who had



NATALIA MAKAROVA
Torn muscles.

helped her defect and left his wife and two children to be her manager. But she lost the chance to dance before **Queen Elizabeth II** at the Royal Ballet's gala when she tore a muscle in her thigh.

For the second time running, *Good Housekeeping* magazine's annual poll to determine the Most Admired Women named **Rose Kennedy** and **Mamie Eisenhower** as No. 1 and No. 2. The rest of the top ten: 3) Novelist **Pearl S. Buck**, 4) Actress **Patricia Neal**, 5) First Lady **Patricia Nixon**, 6) Israeli Premier **Golda Meir**, 7) **Ethel Kennedy**, 8) Actress **Helen Hayes**, 9) Indian Prime Minister **Indira Gandhi**, 10) **Princess Grace** of Monaco. The Most Admired were chosen by the magazine's 1,000-member consumer panel from a list of 28, which included **Jacqueline Onassis**, up to 19th from 23rd.

"We're not snobs," said **John Lennon**. "We don't mind mixing with straights." With his wife **Yoko Ono**, the ex-Beatle was on hand for a party given by ex-U.N. Ambassador **Charles W. Yost** and ex-*Saturday Review* Publisher **Norman Cousins** for soon-to-be ex-U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**. Borrowing Folk Singer **Pete Seeger**'s guitar, Lennon stepped up to the mike with Yoko to give out with a peace song he had written. Excerpt: "Imagine no countries nothing to kill or die for no religion too. Imagine all the people living for peace." U Thant put it differently. "The single most important impediment to global institutions," he said, "is the concept of 'my country, right or wrong.'"

ENVIRONMENT

The Tragedy of Pruitt-Igoe

American cities more than most others suffer from the good intentions of urban planners. A case in point is the swing to high-rise, low-rent housing projects in the 1950s. Built to literally lift the poor above the grim of slums, they instead deteriorated into vertical slums that now contribute so much to the congestion, isolation and ugliness of U.S. cities that urban planners often must wish that they could just knock them down and start over from scratch. St. Louis will soon do just that.

Last week St. Louis' city planners got an official O.K. for their proposal to demolish two eleven-story units in Pruitt-Igoe, a mammoth low-rent black housing project located a few blocks from St. Louis' downtown section. Eventually the wrecker's ball will level most of the 31 other buildings.

The \$36 million project, designed by Architect Minoru Yamasaki (who also designed New York's World Trade Center), attracted national attention when it was built 16 years ago. Its 33 slablike buildings contained modern plumbing, and there were plans for garden apartments and generous landscaping. Yamasaki's "skip stop" elevators opened on only every third floor, which he hoped would become galleries for strolling and games.

Ghost Town. Today Pruitt-Igoe is a case study in misery. Three-fourths of its 2,800 apartments stand empty. Rows of abandoned, windowless buildings loom against St. Louis' skyline like a modern ghost town. Yamasaki's galleries, ill-lit and unpainted, are havens for junkies and muggers.

The reason Pruitt-Igoe failed is so-

ciological and financial, rather than racial. Planners built in the worst slum in St. Louis. Many of the first tenants were drawn from the high-crime area, and brought their problems with them. As a result, the working-class white and black families living in Pruitt-Igoe began to move out. With apartments empty, St. Louis welfare officials pressured the Public Housing Authority to admit more welfare cases.

The result was disaster. The proportion of welfare cases grew until they made up the majority of the project's population. The children of these deprived families formed street gangs, terrorized tenants and vandalized buildings. Because families earned no money, they could not pay existing rents. Rents were lowered, while maintenance costs went up, causing such a strain on the PHA that funds that would have been used to keep up smaller public-housing projects around the city had to be diverted into Pruitt-Igoe.

Rampaging Junkies. Caught in the squeeze, city officials had no choice but to skimp on services. Untended, facilities began to fall apart. Elevators stalled. Because windows were inadequately screened, several children fell out.

Pruitt-Igoe's slide into disaster was also caused by economy measures that compromised Yamasaki's original design. Landscaping was reduced to a few oases of green. Steampipes were left uncovered, and a number of people were severely burned. Public toilets were eliminated from the ground floors and playgrounds, and out of either urgency or irritation, children resorted to elevators or hallways to urinate. Cramping 12,000 people into 57 acres of land exacerbated already grim social problems.

By 1966, Pruitt-Igoe resembled a country under siege. A number of buildings were protected from vandals by 6-ft. barbed-wire fences. In 1968 junkies in search of money to support their habit went on a rampage, says Project Manager Elgin Russell, even tearing the copper sheeting from building roofs in hopes of selling it to scrap dealers. Now when it rains, apartments leak, and, adds Russell, "Last winter the stairwells were so iced up that we had to tie ropes around our waists to prevent us from slipping and falling down the stairs."

Urban planners are taking the St. Louis story to heart. They now realize that public housing cannot be used as a dumping ground for welfare cases, since without the higher rentals paid by working families, no project can afford the services and repairs needed to prevent decay. Low-rent projects should be dispersed throughout urban areas. This would avoid the congestion caused by large developments like Pruitt-Igoe, which, argues Mayor Alde A.J. Wilson, "would trigger violence and friction even if the inhabitants were upper-class, college-graduate whites." Now planned for the site are town houses and low-rises. Rents in the new buildings will start at about \$60 a month, and the tenants will be low-income rather than welfare families.

Guns or Cheese?

Caesar was conquered by it. Charlemagne pronounced it its rich, pungent flavor "fit for the gods." Casanova recommended it as a preparation for love. And Pope Leo XIII treasured it as a gift. Ironically, the noble Roquefort cheese comes from one of France's wildest regions. Indeed, the Causse du Larzac in the Massif Central is a limestone plateau so austere and stony that it is beloved only by gazing tourists and grazing sheep. Confident that the isolation would last, the Roquefort cheese industry has long encouraged shepherds in the area to enlarge their flocks. Since 1966, the additional flood of ewe's milk has tripled, swelling the output of the blue-veined cheese.

The sere plateau is now the focus of an encompassing controversy. The French army has a base there and wants to expand it by taking over 35,000 acres of the sparse pasture land. The generals argue that they will need room for tank maneuvers and artillery practice when French ground troops eventually quit their bases in Germany. An odd coalition of environmentalists, tourist associations and antimilitarists are up in arms. Last month, 6,000 demonstrators marched in the town of Millau in anger, if so far vain protest.

Hardest hit of all, Roquefort cheese makers fear that if the army gets its way, they will have to cut exports back by 25%, or 300 tons. They are now calling for Roquefort cheese lovers of the world to unite.



BUILDING IN PRUITT-IGOE PROJECT
Something went wrong.



**Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.**



20 mg "tar," 1.2 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.





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It's the best equipped luxury sports car you can buy—without referring to an option list.

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Our instrument cluster includes a tachometer, trip odometer, ammeter, oil gauge, and toggle switches to activate auxiliary systems.

All set into a fascia that glistens with the look of cherry woodgrain.

Performance standards include floor shift and the

351 cu. in. V-8 engine. Plus driver's-side remote-controlled racing mirror and sequential rear turn signals.

Of course, we offer all the better options shown—air conditioning, radio, console clock, automatic transmission, and passenger-side racing mirror.

That's our new Mercury Cougar XR-7. The luxury sports car that sets the standards for the others in 1972.

Better ideas make better cars

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



MEDICINE

Phase II for Health Care

It is no accident that President Nixon's Price Commission waited four weeks after the beginning of Phase II to set federal policy for medical and hospital costs. The economics of health care is exceedingly complex and in recent years has been one of the largest balloons in inflation. While the consumer price index has gone up 38% since 1960, health costs have more than doubled, and were increasing at an annual rate of 12.9% before the Phase I freeze took effect in August. Last week the Price Commission finally announced its goal: to cut that 12.9% "by at least one-half." The catch is that the stringent restrictions imposed by the commission on practitioners and institutions of all kinds will be even more difficult to enforce than the limits being dictated in other fields.

Those classified by the commission as "noninstitutional providers"—doctors, dentists, osteopaths, laboratories, blood banks and even birth control clinics—will be limited to fee increases of 2.5% a year. Hospitals may not raise their aggregate charges by more than 6%. They are being given more leeway because they are far more vulnerable to the pressure of operating costs than doctors are. Even hikes below the ceilings will have to be justified by increased costs in doing business.

Exemptions Unlikely. The rules demand that price lists covering all basic services be drawn up and made available to patients on request. The Internal Revenue Service, which polices Phase II, must be given the fee tables on request and must be informed of increases above 2.5% by hospitals. All rises above the commission figures must have prior approval of the IRS. Few exemptions are likely to be granted.

The amount of extra overhead that may be passed on to consumers is limited. No hospital may make patients pay for wage increases of more than 5.5%, an increase in the cost of goods and services exceeding 2.5%, and more than 1.7% a year in higher expenditures for new equipment. The commission also specified that neither doctors nor hospitals may use increased rates to widen their profit margins.

Ineffective Enforcement. Recognizing the difficulty of enforcing its rules, the commission will rely upon specially designated state advisory boards, which can be either existing hospital commissions, Medicaid boards, or planning agencies, to screen all applications for increases before they get to the IRS. The IRS may prove ineffective, however, when it comes to policing the fees charged by the nation's more than 300,000 practicing physicians. Differences between medical procedures are often hazy at best, making determination of the charges a highly subjective matter.

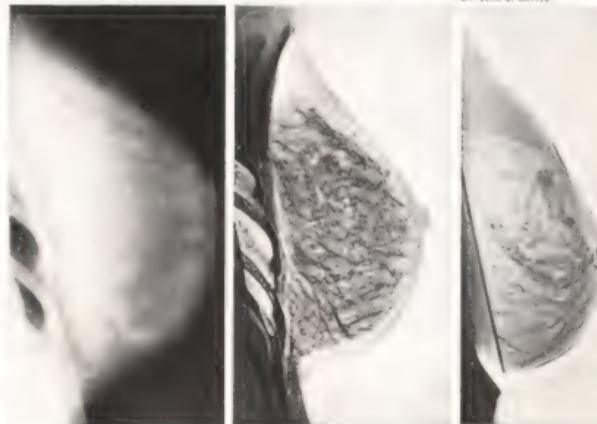
Many physicians are accustomed to flexibility in their billing. Establishing the pre-freeze base prices to which increases are keyed can be an intricate business. And patients are often in no position to go comparison shopping or to object to cost.

One crucial factor in health-service costs—insurance—was not covered in last week's action. What the insurance companies will allow in benefits weighs heavily in medical prices and patients' ability to pay them. The Price Commission is still working on rules governing health-insurance premiums, which have risen 165% since 1960. Blue Cross, the nation's leading provider of health-care coverage, recently asked the commission for permission to raise its rates on policies for federal employees by another 34%.

duplicate X-ray plates that might be destroyed in the event of an atomic attack. Never put into full operation, the clumsy model was later acquired by Dr. John Wolfe of Hutzel Hospital in Detroit, a pioneer in the field of xeroradiography. His work with the machine eventually caught the attention of Dr. John Martin, a radiologist at St. Joseph Hospital in Houston. Martin and several colleagues convinced the Xerox Corp. and the American Cancer Society that the device had great potential for cancer detection. Last year Xerox delivered the first model of the new machine to Martin in Houston.

Exceptional Accuracy. Developed at a cost of \$5,000,000, it uses conventional X-ray equipment to photograph the breast. The difference is in the developing. Instead of X-ray film, the xeroradiograph uses a selenium plate that has been specially treated to make it sensitive to X rays. Once exposed, the

DR. JOHN E. MARTIN



From left: conventional X ray of normal breast, xeroradiograph of same breast, xeroradiograph of breast with tumor.

Early Warning System

Of all the common forms of malignancy, breast cancer is one of the most frightening. It is now killing 32,000 American women a year, and by the time a woman or her doctor is able to notice a lump under the skin, the disease has often spread to other parts of the body. Thermography, which measures the heat radiated by tumorous tissue, and conventional X rays can help in early detection. Now a new refinement of an old technique promises to allow the spotting and treatment of breast cancer when it is no larger than a pencil point.

Known as xeroradiography, the process uses the same principles as an office copying machine. A prototype was first constructed in 1946 at the request of civil-defense planners, who hoped to

plate is inserted into a processor similar to an office copier, where it is "developed" electronically. The result is an exceptionally accurate Xerox "picture" of the breast, its internal tissues, and any cancer that might be present.

The prints take about a minute to develop, one-twentieth the time required for conventional X rays; more important, they are far easier to read and interpret. In a series of 1,535 examinations performed during the past year, Martin uncovered 54 cancers. Thirteen of the cancers had been previously unsuspected, and all were detected before they had spread beyond the original site. Because of the promising results in Houston, hospitals in Chicago, Los Angeles and Detroit have ordered the new equipment and will soon be using xeroradiography to get an early warning of breast cancer.

Capsules

► Smoking marijuana is frequently called a mind-blowing experience, and that description may be more than a metaphor. A team of British researchers has reported in the *Lancet* that ten habitual marijuana users were found to be suffering from cerebral atrophy, or irreversible shrinkage of the brain tissue. The patients, all between 18 and 28, were under treatment for various neurological symptoms and drug abuse. Using a special X-ray technique to measure the volume of the patient's brain tissue, the physicians found all ten to have significant atrophy, a condition frequently found in the elderly, people with degenerative nerve disease and those with histories of severe head injury. Because all the patients had also taken other drugs during the years preceding the study, the doctors were cautious about blaming the brain damage solely on marijuana. But their report left little doubt that they held *cannabis* responsible. Amphetamines and LSD are quickly metabolized and passed out of the system; marijuana is not. Though the patients had used other drugs in varying amounts, all puffed pot regularly.

► A California urologist has developed a procedure that could make vasectomy, or male sterilization, more easily reversible. Most surgeons perform the operation by removing a section of the vas deferens, the tubes that carry sperm. Some men later change their minds, but fertility frequently cannot be restored. Dr. Stanwood Schmidt of the University of California San Francisco Medical Center has a different approach. Removing no tissue and sealing the center of the severed vas by electric cauterization, he leaves the muscular wall of the tube intact. To reverse the procedure, Schmidt simply removes the scar tissue and rejoins the tube. Schmidt has attempted to undo vasectomies in 150 patients. Of these, 75% experienced resumption of sperm flow, while at least 25% succeeded in fathering children.

► Sun, wind and the natural effects of aging are generally blamed for causing the crow's-feet and worry lines that most youth-conscious Americans would prefer to avoid. Now a California internist suggests that another factor may be responsible for wrinkles. Writing in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, Dr. Harry Daniell reports a definite correlation between early and heavy face wrinkling and habitual cigarette smoking. Daniell bases his finding on a year-long study of 1,104 people. Daniell asked everyone who visited his office to fill out a questionnaire about his smoking habits, exposure to the sun and medical history. He then studied each patient's face to arrive at a "wrinkle score," and compared the patient's scores with their questionnaires. In each age group, cigarette smokers with indoor occupations exhibited more wrinkles than nonsmokers who worked outside.

THE LAW

TV Goes to Court

Mrs. Mary Ann Clemens, a septuagenarian, admitted that she had lost control of her car and run down a neighbor while he was out for a stroll. The neighbor, Arthur McCall, suffered a separated shoulder and nerve injuries to a hand. He sued for damages. Up to that point it was a routine case. But no sooner had the lawyers presented their opening arguments before the common pleas court of Sandusky, Ohio, than a recess was called and two 18-in. TV screens were set up. After that, the twelve jurors simply sat back, stared at the tube for 2½ hours, listened to live summations from the lawyers, then retired to decide on their verdict. They awarded McCall \$9,600.

TV is no stranger to U.S. courtrooms. Video tapes of drivers arrested for drunkenness are now regularly used in a number of states, including Wisconsin, Iowa and Colorado. Illinois' Cook County will start the same kind of program this week. In Michigan, seven trials were recently taped live for possible use by appellate judges as a supplement to the written record. But in Ohio, Judge James McCrystal felt that the time had come to prerecord all the testimony for a trial. Attorneys for both sides agreed.

► **No Objections.** The unprecedented undertaking involved far more than technological gimmickry. Taping in the courtroom at times convenient to the various witnesses, the two attorneys put their questions without the judge being present. They were free later to arrange the witnesses' testimony in whatever order they wished: McCrystal's doctor, for example, testified first but appeared last on the final tape.

Judge McCrystal then went over the entire recording in his chambers, considering objections from the two attorneys. Freed of courtroom pressures, he had time to consult precedents, and anything he ruled objectionable was deleted from the tape. On the other hand, if an attorney's objection was overruled, his statement of objection was erased. This system eliminated the common legal trick of introducing improper testimony in the hope that jurors will be unable to forget it.

The system also reduced the opportunities for lawyers' histrionics since the camera focused on the witness. Despite the camera's presence, witnesses seemed less nervous than they ordinarily are in court, and jurors reported no difficulty in assessing their credibility. The judge and lawyers did not even have to remain while the jury viewed the tape. It all took only one day, whereas a regular trial would normally have consumed at least 11 days.

Ohio judges who studied excerpts at a judicial conference two weeks ago were favorably impressed, though they doubted that the technique could soon be extended to criminal cases. One reason: a defendant's right to confront his accusers. There were a few minor problems for civil cases too. Conditioned to breaks and commercials, the jurors found the nonstop viewing taxing; next time, said Judge McCrystal, he would order a five-minute recess every half-hour. McCrystal also suggested that to reduce monotony, witnesses should be taped "on location" in their offices, at the accident site, in the hospital. All in all, though, said one juror, "it was much easier to keep my mind on what was going on."

Adds Michigan Supreme Court Justice Thomas F. Brennan: "Our technology is already in the 21st century. It is time for the legal profession to embark on a bold new adventure."

Socking It to a Rough Union

Earl Lassitter's transgression was to cross a picket line. When he later appeared at another Florida construction site, he was told to take off by Dennis Walton, a burly six-footer who also happens to be a member of Operating Engineers Local 675. Lassitter apparently did not move fast enough, so Walton knocked him down and pummeled him so badly that he still suffers a partial hearing loss.

Lassitter filed an assault charge against Walton in Fort Lauderdale criminal court, but the case was dismissed. He then sued for damages in civil court. The result was gratifying indeed. The six-member jury awarded him \$1,250,000 in compensatory and punitive damages.

JUDGE McCRYSTAL (CENTER), LAWYERS & TV



More significant, the jury decided that Walton had been acting as an agent of his local union, and that the local in turn had been an agent of the International Union of Operating Engineers. The verdict held both the local and the international liable for most of the damages.

The local Operating Engineers, a union of construction workers, have a history of violence in the Fort Lauderdale area. Five times in recent years they have been enjoined from rioting. Only four days before the attack on Lassitter, union members had apparently helped to smash up a partially built



PLAINTIFF LASSITTER & WOUNDS
Thrice the asking price.

Volkswagen showroom. At the Walton trial, one witness testified that he had been at a union meeting when the local president urged the members to "tear 'em up" and that the union's business agent reminded men to pick up weapons before leaving. Other testimony established that the international had been informed of the Fort Lauderdale incidents and had failed to intervene.

Lassitter's lawyer originally asked for only \$447,000 in damages, and Lassitter himself said, "I don't care if we get anything. I'm satisfied that we just got these guys in court." Both men were more than satisfied. They not only won three times what they had asked, but they accomplished the very difficult task of persuading a jury that an international union can be held responsible for acts by an individual member.

A Beef Against Big Mac

Under countless pairs of golden arches, the supersuccessful McDonald's hamburger chain is quietly changing "more than 7 billion sold" to "more than 8 billion served," a gambit designed to strengthen its No. 1 position among the nation's fast-food outlets. The U.S. Government has awarded the chain another first: Department of Labor lawsuits charging 14 Milwaukee-area McDonald's restaurants with sex discrimination—against men.

Actually, say McDonald's officials, the

men were boys: high school students working the evening hours for the then-minimum wage of \$1.30 per hour. But when the boys are in school during the noontime rush, housewives come in to work from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. Since few of them would work for \$3.90 per day, McDonald's devised a "short-shift premium" to bring noon wages up to as much as \$2 an hour.

The Government originally opened its case against McDonald's by suing two Chicago outlets, which quickly settled. Now, however, McDonald's vows it will resist, citing as precedent the commonplace nighttime differential paid in factories. Says John Hatch, a McDonald's attorney: "We won't pay one cent of back wages without a fight."

The Cop and the Lion

When eleven-year-old Elizabeth Lee reached into a lion cage at an Anchorage amusement park, a 300-lb. lioness named Cleo seized her arm in its teeth. Alaska State Trooper Frank Johnson raced to the rescue, pulled out his pistol and shot the lion in the head. As the lion fell dead, both Johnson and the girl went sprawling; Johnson's gun accidentally went off again, and the girl was wounded in the thigh.

Elizabeth eventually recovered, but she filed a \$65,000 damage suit against the trooper, the amusement park and the state of Alaska. The jury decided that the amusement park should pay her \$15,000 in damages because the cage was inadequately guarded. It rejected the rest of Elizabeth's claim.

Johnson's exoneration was based on Alaska's good Samaritan statute. Like similar statutes in more than 40 other states, it holds that one who voluntarily aids a person in distress is not liable for damages unless gross negligence is involved. Although some European countries (including Soviet Russia) have laws making a rescue attempt mandatory, the English common law traditionally rejected compulsion; instead, it made the rescuer responsible for mishaps caused by his negligence. Thus in 1966 a Georgia court ruled that the owner of a private swimming pool had no duty to rescue a drowning child. On the other hand, in 1962 a Wyoming traveler who tried to herd some cattle off the road to avoid an accident was held liable for damages when the animals ran around a bend and collided with an oncoming car.

For Trooper Johnson, the law has taken a strange twist. The Alaska Supreme Court has now reversed the ruling absolving him. As an officer, said the court, Johnson was under a legal obligation to provide aid; he cannot be protected by any good Samaritan statute. Elizabeth, now 15, is therefore free to press her complaint of negligence. The court added, however, that if Johnson is found at fault, Alaska too would be liable. In that case, the state would presumably pay the bill.

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RELIGION

Who Has the Good News Straight?

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.
—from the *Gospel According to Luke*

This week, Christians around the world will hear the familiar words of Luke's Christmas story: the decree from Caesar Augustus, the shepherds in the fields, the "glory of the Lord" shining suddenly around them. But how accurate are those cherished images surrounding Jesus' birth? Luke, after all, comes third in the conventional sequence of the Gospels in the Bible—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. That is also the order in which most churchgoers assume the Gospels were written. But if so, why would Matthew, who comes first, pass off the Nativity scene with a single sentence? Why does Mark, who comes next, not mention it at all? Whose Gospel, indeed, is the most accurate in telling the "Good News" of Jesus Christ's life and message?

The question has long troubled biblical scholars, and today it is arising anew in learned conferences and treatises. The scholars assume that the earliest Gospel is the most authentic version of what Jesus actually said and did. Thus the question of accuracy could be at least partly answered if they could decide how, and in what order, the four evangelists came to set down their stories. A solution would have a vital bearing not only on Bethlehem's shep-

herds and angels, but on more fundamental Christian beliefs and attitudes.

Suppose Mark came first instead of Matthew: Mark fails to report a miraculous virgin birth and does not mention Matthew's famous "keys of the kingdom" passage, upon which papal claims to authority rest. Mark plays down the Jewish moorings of Christianity that are evident in Matthew and important to Jewish-Christian relations. Moreover, since Mark's is the simplest and briefest of the Gospels, stories appearing only in the other Gospels might seem more suspect as pious legends, making the Jesus of history a vaguer, perhaps less credible figure.

Lost Sayings. In the 4th century, St. Augustine opted for the conventional biblical order; it prevailed as Catholic and, later, Protestant teaching until the 18th century. Then biblical scholars of the Enlightenment, becoming concerned about disparities in the internal chronology of the Gospels, reopened the issue. German Scholar Johann Griesbach, in 1774, performed one service by eliminating the Gospel of John from the dispute. He showed that John is distinct in style and content, whereas the other three share many parallel passages and signs of interdependence. Griesbach called them the "synoptic" Gospels, meaning that they should be "viewed together."

The name stuck, and the battle was rejoined. Another German researcher, Gotthold Lessing, advanced the idea that a lost Aramaic gospel had been the source for the evangelists' texts in



THE FAITHFUL ARTIST

ST. MARK

Vital for Bethlehem's angels

Greek. Theologian Friedrich Schleiermacher suggested the existence of a lost collection of Jesus' sayings that he called the *Logia*. In the mid-19th century, Heidelberg's Heinrich Holtzmann synthesized the two ideas, proposing that both a proto-Gospel and an early, now lost collection of Jesus' sayings lay behind the Synoptic Gospels. The Holtzmann theory was crystallized in 1924 by Britain's B.H. Streeter—with an important modification. The proto-Gospel, said Streeter, was in fact the Gospel of Mark, or a document virtually identical to it, which Matthew and Luke used along with a separate collection of sayings to write their own Gospels.

Streeter's theory, sacrosanct in liberal



STEPS LEADING TO MOUNT ZION

This Is Where Jesus Walked

PHOTOGRAPHER Erich Lessing calls himself an atheist—"or at best, an agnostic"—but that description would hardly seem credible to those who buy his books. Last Christmas, Lessing's *The Bible: History and Culture of a People*, told the story of the Old Tes-



ERICH LESSING

Jesus Walked

tament in a lavish pictorial presentation of historical sites, art and artifacts. This year comes the sequel: *Jesus: History and Culture of the New Testament* (Herder & Herder: \$33). As with the previous volume, the narrative is limited to appropriate texts from Scripture and a handful of background essays by biblical scholars—notably a thoughtful discussion of Jesus' Jewishness by David Flusser of Jerusalem's Hebrew University. For parts of his photographic essay, Lessing uses ancient and medieval Christian art—much of it unfamiliar Middle Eastern illuminations, mosaics and sculptures, all of it superbly reproduced in color. But the real eye-stoppers are the photographs of places where Jesus may have walked, such as the ancient stone steps leading to Mount Zion, which, says Lessing, Jesus probably used on the night of the Last Supper; and Jerusalem's 2,700-year-old Pool of Siloam, where, according to the Gospel of John, Jesus sent a blind man to bathe—and thereby restored his sight.



ST. MATTHEW



ST. LUKE

and shepherds as well as for fundamental beliefs.

Protestant scholarship for four decades has come under some attack in recent years. Southern Methodist's William R. Farmer, in his book *The Synoptic Problem*, maintains that the Mark theory was based not so much on conclusive proof from the Gospel texts as on a desire for a neat, scientific solution to satisfy a scholarly predilection for evolution: the more primitive Mark evolving into the smoother, more elaborated Matthew and Luke. Farmer returns to a sequence proposed by Griesbach: Matthew, then Luke, then Mark. Farmer's critics ask why Mark would have omitted so much of importance, such as the Sermon on the Mount and so many of the parables. Defenders reply that Mark's could have been simply a special-purpose Gospel for a particular community, or perhaps a selective rewrite job done on Matthew and Luke by 2nd century Gnostics.

Many Writers. Robert L. Lindsey, a scholarly Southern Baptist missionary in Israel, believes that Luke came first, followed by Mark, then Matthew. While translating Mark from Greek into modern Hebrew, Lindsey kept encountering words and phrases without Hebrew equivalents. Luke, on the other hand, translated so easily into Hebrew that Lindsey decided he must have used an earlier—hence more reliable—Hebrew source than the others. Markus Barth, son of the late Karl Barth, advances an even more unorthodox theory in his classes at Pittsburgh Theological Seminary: that the Gospel of John came first. Barth sees John's Gospel as a kind of guide for a pilgrimage in Jesus' footsteps to Jerusalem, and insists that it must have been written before the Temple's destruction in A.D. 70.

The most open-ended solution to the whole question is E.P. Sanders' work, *The Tendencies of the Synoptic Tradition*, which concludes that none of the three Synoptic Gospels can be proved to have come first. Sanders, of Ontario's McMaster University, makes

a systematic test of the usual criteria for what is early or late in Christian documents. Material is generally considered to be later, for instance, as it increases in length, detail, and direct discourse, and decreases in Jewish influence. Sanders contends that none of these tests is conclusive. As each Gospel developed, he found, descriptions of individual incidents "became both longer and shorter, both more and less detailed, and both more and less Semitic."

Sanders and a growing number of young biblical scholars believe that when the dust has settled none of the simpler theories will survive. Reviving the ghost of some complicated 19th century theories, they argue that the existing Gospels were more likely compiled from a complex network of earlier documents and oral tradition. Indeed, Luke himself gives some support to this view in the beginning of his own Gospel, where he notes that "many writers have undertaken to draw up an account of the events that have happened among us."

Cathedrals in the Clouds

Man used to worship God from high places: the Jews built their Temple on ancient Jerusalem's highest hill, the medieval Christians had their Moni St. Michel, Shlomo Bardin, director of California's Brandeis Institute (TIME, July 5), thinks it is time religion returned to the mountains, as many communists and ecology-minded young people have already done. Bardin is building the House of the Book, the temple of the institute's new Jewish prep school, on one of California's Santa Susana hills. In big cities, he suggests, churches might emulate restaurants and cocktail lounges by having chapels on the tops of skyscrapers. The churches could reap economic benefits by renting their valuable ground space, but is Manhattan ready for a Noah's Rainbow Room atop the RCA Building? Is San Francisco ready for a Top of the St. Mark?

MILESTONES

Divorced. Jack Jones, 33, low-key nightclub and recording star (*Wives and Lovers*, *The Impossible Dream*); and Gretchen Roberts, 21, a former airline stewardess and Jones' third wife, after Model Lee Larance and Actress Jill St. John; ending one year of marriage, no children; in Los Angeles.

Died. Dick Tiger, 42, the Ibo tribesman who punched his way to the world middleweight and light heavyweight boxing titles; of cancer of the liver; in Aha, Nigeria. Tiger, whose real name was Dick Ihetu, was taught to box by British army officers in Nigeria before he migrated to New York City in 1959. Three years later he knocked out Middleweight Champion Gene Fullmer. By 1966 he had moved up a class and took the light heavyweight title from José Torres. After losing the title in 1968 Tiger periodically visited his home to train soldiers for the rebel Biafran army. Briefly employed as a museum guard in Manhattan, Tiger returned to Africa for good last July.

Died. Robert Tyre ("Bobby") Jones Jr., 69, only golf champion ever to take the sport's Grand Slam by winning the British Amateur, British Open, U.S. Amateur and U.S. Open in one year; in Atlanta. The Jones family home was located on the grounds of a suburban Atlanta golf club, and young Bobby was weaned on putters and par. Playing as an amateur—he was a practicing attorney—Jones ruled the fairways during golf's "Golden Age." Between 1923 and 1930 he was thirteen times a winner in major tournaments. Though his Grand Slam in 1930 marked the official end of his career, he continued to play until a crippling spinal disorder forced him to leave the links for the last time in 1948.

Died. David Sarnoff, 80, the radio-TV pioneer who organized the National Broadcasting Company and became head of RCA Corp. (see BUSINESS).

Died. General Richard Mulcahy, 85, Irish soldier-politician and perennial favorite of Eamon de Valera; in Dublin. Mulcahy dropped his medical studies to fight alongside De Valera during the 1916 Easter Rebellion. When the British recognized the Irish Free State as a dominion five years later, the austere teetotaler led the national forces that crushed De Valera's still dissatisfied Irish Republican Army in a bloody civil war. Mulcahy served in several governments before and after Ireland gained full independence. After his old rival became President in 1932, Mulcahy took the reins of the opposition *Fine Gael* Party. In 1948 he succeeded in forming an improbable six-party coalition that temporarily ousted the old Taoiseach.

Hidden Treasure

The village of Zoutleeuw goes unmarked on most maps: it lies some 40 miles from Brussels. In the early Middle Ages, Zoutleeuw was a bustling commercial center, pitched at the intersection of trade routes between the Rhineland, the County of Flanders and the Duchy of Brabant. Then alliances and frontiers shifted, and trade with them. By the end of the 16th century, Zoutleeuw was on the way to becoming a ghost town. Religious wars, famine, flood, fire and the plague almost finished it off, and it ended as an isolated country hamlet inhabited by about 2,600 people.

What Zoutleeuw kept, however, was St. Leonard's Church, dating back to the 13th century, and in it an extraordinary collection of religious art. The treasure of St. Leonard's was saved by the obscurity of its village: it was not looted during the interminable wars that rolled back and forth across the lowlands from the 16th century to the 20th century, and it was spared the fury of Protestant iconoclasm. The result is the finest intact collection of religious Flemish carving from the 12th to the 16th centuries that can be found anywhere.

Pain into Wood. In the days of its prosperity, Zoutleeuw could afford the best artists available, and drew them from centers like Louvain, Antwerp and Brussels. The earliest major piece in the church, a 12th century Crucifixion carved in lindenwood, has all the pathos of a spiritualized image discovering the resistances of the body: the long oval face, the crudely gouged hair, the hacked spear wound and the thin, knobbed torso almost physically displace the pain of nailed flesh into the pain of wood attacked by a chisel.

As the fortunes of Zoutleeuw rose, so did the rate of commissions—and the burghers' desire to see themselves echoed, if not specifically portrayed, in their altarpieces. A 15th century triptych carved in oak, probably by a sculptor from Louvain, retains some of the hieratic frontality of Gothic art in its left-hand figure, St. Catherine; but Mary, in the center, decorously extends her hand to her child, whose eager little arm is poking over the edge of the strict Gothic frame, while St. Joseph, with purse, rich robes and amply confident gestures, is already a Flemish businessman.

It was rare, at this period, to give such prominence and independence to a figure of St. Joseph; usually he was relegated to the background of paintings and carvings. In terms of the advances made in Italian art by the end of the 15th century, a work like Zoutleeuw's carving of St. Anne and the Virgin seems archaic, even naive. But it is a stunning design, the deeply cut folds, strict as metal, building up a system of pyramids that finishes in the smooth, se-



DANCING KING DAVID

rene, Gothic arch of St. Anne's wimple. By the 16th century the church was commissioning more elaborately naturalistic works. There is still a trace of Gothic rigor in the sweeping cloak of its lindenwood Mary Magdalene, but in all other respects she is almost a portrait, down to the look of pleased anticipation on her broad face as she uncaps the flask to anoint Christ's feet.

The desire for naturalism is deliciously expressed in a fragment from a huge

Tree of Jesse, which probably decorated the first organ installed in St. Leonard's in the 16th century: David, dancing a jig before the Lord. Enthroned, indeed, was the most endearing characteristic of these relatively provincial Flemish masters. St. Leonard's carved altarpiece of the life of St. Anne—it stands 9 ft. high and contains more than 75 figures—is a virtuoso piece, designed to astonish. But through its mannered intricacies, the dumpy Flemish women and men are arguing and gesturing, holding towels for childbirth, embracing and being judged: it is a fascinating exercise in the reconciliation of Scripture with life as it was lived by 16th century Bible readers.

Expository Form. St. Anne, the mother of Mary, was the patron saint of rhetoricians, and the altarpiece was commissioned from an unknown artist living in Antwerp to commemorate Zoutleeuw's well-off circle of public speakers, grammarians and logic-choppers. Indeed, the unfolding of the events in St. Anne's life as depicted on it (see caption below) has something of the intricate, expository form that was required of formal discourse in those years, while the rhetoricians themselves are shown in conclave at the bottom of the center panel, "This scene," says Dean René Overstyns, "shows how a session went in those days. One can see that it has become pretty late—the chairman is sound asleep."

Despite its treasures, St. Leonard's was only recently "rediscovered." Twelve years ago, state authorities began a major restoration and refurbishing—to the astonishment of the local villagers who simply considered it their own place of worship, of no possible interest to outsiders. According to Pastor Overstyns, some 10,000 tourists entered the church doors last year—"quite a number as far as people in Zoutleeuw are concerned." It is, in fact, four times the village's resident population.

At year's end, St. Leonard's was once again receding from general view. Because of the recent wave of art thefts from Europe's churches, the authorities have locked up St. Leonard's except for religious services. The persistent tourist can still get in—but only by calling the official guide in advance.

Zoutleeuw's Altarpiece

The carved oak reliefs of its altarpiece, circa 1565, form one of the chief treasures of St. Leonard's Church. The triptych shows scenes in the life of St. Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary. The Bible has no mention of Anne. The only source is the apocryphal gospel known as the *Protoevangelium Jacobi*, written in 170-180 A.D. This account has it that Anne and Joachim were devoted, but Anne could not conceive. So Joachim went into the desert to meditate; his wife stayed home to worry. An angel appeared to Anne, Joachim had a vision in the desert, and

Joachim and Anne met passionately at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem. Left panel: at top, the marriage of Joachim and Anne; below, the priests of the temple refusing Anne and Joachim's offering. Right panel: above, the meeting of Joachim and Anne at the Golden Gate; below, the commissioning of Mary as a serving maiden in the temple. In the upper portion of the center panel, angels lament above Anne's deathbed as Joachim mourns in a chair near by. Below, the newborn Christ in the arms of Mary, while servants bring swaddling linen.





Crucifixion, carved in lindenwood, from the 12th century.
Carving of St. Anne, Mary and Jesus is late 15th century.



15th century triptych of St. Catherine, Mary and St. Joseph with the Christ child.
Mary Magdalene, holding pot of ointment, 16th century.



SHOW BUSINESS

Uprising at MGM

Producer-Director Herbert B. Leonard had just turned in the finished version of his movie *Going Home* to MGM. Arriving for a scheduled meeting with MGM President James Aubrey, he was told that Aubrey was busy recutting a new film and could not be disturbed. "What movie is he recutting?" Leonard asked. "Yours," came the reply.

In Hollywood, it was nothing new for a studio boss to fiddle with a director's efforts. What was unusual was that Leonard, unlike the sometimes helplessly subordinate directors of old, protested loudly and publicly. In the version of *Going Home* that was recently released, starring Robert Mitchum, Aubrey carved out 21 minutes of graphic footage to obtain a G rating instead of an R rating. Some of his deletions toned down a rape scene, but when Leonard saw the result he charged: "He unilaterally and arbitrarily raped the picture."

Besides Leonard, a clutch of film makers are complaining about Aubrey's cutting-room tactics—and in some cases going to court—in what amounts to the biggest uprising against a major studio that Hollywood veterans can recall. Items:

► Producer Michael S. Laughlin and Director Paul Magwood placed a black-bordered ad in the *Hollywood Reporter* a few weeks ago that said: "Regarding what was our film *Chandler*, let's give credit where credit is due. We sadly acknowledge that all editing, post-production as well as additional scenes were executed by James T. Aubrey Jr. We are sorry." Laughlin and Magwood claim that Magwood was locked out of the MGM cutting room, and that Aubrey inserted several minutes of new footage to simplify the plot and replaced their nostalgic score with a trendy one. The result, says Laughlin, is "a completely different movie" from the 1940s-type private-eye flick that he set out to produce, starring his wife Leslie Caron and Warren Oates. He and Magwood have started legal action to have *Chandler* withdrawn from distribution.

► Producer Bruce Geller (*TV's Mission: Impossible*) has asked to have his name removed from the credits of his first film, *Corky*, which is soon to be released (directed by Leonard Horne). Geller says Aubrey's changes made the central character, a violent garage mechanic, too sympathetic, played down the picture's redneck setting and eliminated a climactic murder scene. Says he: "It's not my picture any more."

► Director Blake Edwards (*Pink Panther*, *Darling Lili*) has stopped post-production work on his film *A Case of Need*, and instructed his lawyers to file a breach of contract suit against Aubrey. The studio chief, says Edwards, reneged on promised script changes to enhance the love interest between Stars

James Coburn and Jennifer O'Neill, cut Edwards' location shooting unreasonably short, and set an April release date for the film that made it impossible for Edwards to edit it properly.

So far, Aubrey has declined to comment on the uproar, which also includes several complaints—and more lawsuits—over MGM's handling and promotion of films after the cutting stage. Since taking over the ailing studio in 1969, he has sold property and hacked away at expenses until, this year, he has brought MGM its first operating profit in four years (\$7,835,000). Now, in cutting films as relentlessly as he has cut costs, he is presumably trying to capitalize on the commercial touch that he displayed back in his days as president of CBS-TV (among his hits: *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*). Whether he can do so remains in doubt: MGM is still heavily in debt, and 50% of its features have not recovered costs.

With such high stakes in the balance, discontented producers like Michael Laughlin feel little confidence that their suits will succeed. "You just can't deal with Aubrey," he says. "He realizes that litigation can be a great expense, and that because of legal delays the film will have disappeared long before your case comes to court."

Lion at Large

When Defensive Tackle Alex Karras was dropped by the Detroit Lions football team this fall at the age of 36, he did what any other sports figure would do in the circumstances. He decided to capitalize further on the fame he won on the field. Among other things, he got a job with the Detroit *Free Press* as a sports columnist. But when he showed up at the first game, the Lions management barred him from the press box. "He's done nothing but say derogatory things about the team," said Lion Public Relations Director Lyall Smith, "and I must assume the reason for his column is to say more derogatory things."

The rebuff has not stopped Karras from having the last derogatory word. As quick with a quip as he once was at rushing the passer, he is the host of a breezy TV show that runs before *NFL Monday Night Football* in Chicago. Prior to the first game between Detroit and the Minnesota Vikings, Straight Man Bill Frink asked Karras what the Lions might be thinking about in the locker room. "I think they're voting on whether to come out tonight," said Alex. "Minnesota is a vicious team. They've got hair all over their bodies and bad breath." Later, on the *Night Show*, Johnny Carson asked Karras if he remembered any "great moments" in his eleven seasons in pro football. Said Karras: "No. I played with the Lions, John. I think taking showers was probably the highlight."

Last week Karras did his show in a Santa Claus costume, but his tone was still closer to Scrooge. In a lefthanded defense of spectators who boo pro football teams, he said: "If guys are dumb enough to fork over \$7 to see this fiasco, then let 'em boo." Karras, who was suspended from football for the 1963 season for betting on the games, still insists that the real reason he was dismissed by the Lions was that "I've always been critical of the Lions' front office. They do a lousy job."

Trading on an endless round of football yarns, Karras is one of the most sought-after speakers on the jock banquet circuit. Last year his 80 appearances

LEO PATRICK CUMMINGS



PUNDIT KARRAS

Like a hippo in hip pads.

before everyone from "Boy Scouts to boozed-up slobs" earned him more than the \$35,000 he made with the Lions (a salary that the team is contracted to pay him through the next season). "We ugly guys are taking over," he says. "If they would stop using those pretty quarterbacks in TV ads and get some of us lugs in, they'd sell more hair tonic. Most people are lugs." Advertisers apparently agree. Of late, Karras' threatening visage can be seen hard-selling everything from Ender shampoos to Apéco copying machines.

Alex plays the role of the lovable lug to perfection. His appearance—a 20-in. neck atop a 6 ft. 2 in., 245-lb. body—suggests a hippo in hip pads. Puffing on a huge cigar and squinting through glasses as thick as beer mugs, he bills himself as a "sort of blown-up Cary Grant." He has been besieged with offers, including roles in a TV comedy series and a movie called *The Hard Case*. Does he miss football? "Sure I miss it. I guess my main regret is that I can't go up to Green Bay and the big warm crowds who yell things like 'Who're yabettin' on today, fatso?'"

MUSIC



PITTSBURGH'S HEINZ HALL FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

Recycled Centers

There are two ways for a city to acquire a cultural center. One is to clear a downtown neighborhood and erect an entire new complex—at a tremendous expenditure of money, time and public inconvenience. New York's Lincoln Center cost \$184 million, took ten years to complete, and disrupted traffic and residential life over a 14-acre area for much of that time. The other way is to take an existing theater, such as an abandoned movie palace, and simply refurbish it. This more modest method may produce less grand results, but it is cheaper, quicker and less traumatic for the surrounding community.

In recent years several cities—frustrated by inadequate, outdated facilities but pressed for funds and space—have turned to the second way. St. Louis converted an old Loew's Orpheum into Powell Hall, now the home of the St. Louis Symphony. Youngstown, Ohio, adapted the former Warner Theater not only for its symphony orchestra but for new opera and ballet companies. Similar projects have been carried out in Houston and Los Angeles, and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is eagerly investigating the idea.

Good Throw. Most impressive of all these recycled centers is Pittsburgh's Heinz Hall for the Performing Arts. It stands on prime real estate, in the so-called Golden Triangle area, just at the point where the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers meet to form the Ohio. The former Penn (movie) Theater, it was reclaimed from the wreckers in 1968 for \$800,000, then remodeled for around \$10 million in only 15 months. Since its opening last fall, Heinz Hall has become the focal point of an energetic renaissance of Pittsburgh's artistic life. It is in regular use by the Pittsburgh Opera, Civic Light Opera, Pittsburgh Ballet, Pittsburgh Youth Symphony, and its owner and principal constituent, the world-class Pittsburgh Symphony under Conductor William Steinberg.

Last week Steinberg led the orchestra through a program of Shostakovich and Mozart that, besides being musically rewarding, demonstrated that the auditorium is an acoustical gem. Heinz Hall has what is called a good throw. Its sound reaches the audience in smooth, vibrant, evenly distributed waves. German Acoustician Heinrich Keilholz removed a lot of old velvet, surrounded the stage with reflector panels (removable for opera and ballet), then hung a larger, fan-shaped reflector out over the main floor. "In the old days," says Steinberg, "Pittsburghers had no way of tell-

ing what their orchestra really sounded like. To find out, they had to go hear us play in Carnegie Hall in New York."

Hot Ticket. The old days meant a great barn of a place called the Syria Mosque, where the only thing murkier than the sound was the drab walls. By contrast, Heinz Hall is a gay neo-Baroque extravaganza of red, white and gold. Its roomy halls and stairways exude an old-world charm seldom equaled by more up-to-date structures of glass and steel. As is typical of old movie theaters, there is not a single seat with a bad sight line—more than can be said for the Concert Hall in Washington's new Kennedy Center.

As its name implies, Heinz Hall owes its existence primarily to one man, Henry J. Heinz II (ketchup and 56 other varieties). In the early 1960s, Conductor Steinberg and Orchestra President Charles Denby seriously considered an ambitious, multibuilding cultural complex, then ruled it out because of the estimated cost of \$19 million. Deciding it would be better to spend part of that sum refurbishing the Penn Theater and channel the rest into an orchestral endowment, they put the scheme to Heinz. He virtually opened the family coffers to the project. Today the Pittsburgh Symphony has an endowment of \$22 million, the largest of any orchestra in the nation.

In its new setting, the orchestra is the hottest ticket in town—save perhaps for the world-champion Pittsburgh Pirates. The entire current season (48 concerts) is sold out by subscription,

Mrs. Brown's Magnificent Obsession

It began in the 1870s, when a young tourist named Mary Brown bought a little ivory lute in a shop in Florence. Aided by her indulgent husband, a New York banker, she went on to amass an incredibly diverse collection of no fewer than 3,390 musical instruments. By the time she died in 1918 at the age of 76, she had turned them over to Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art. But the Met, alas, had no place to display them permanently; so they moldered in storage for more than half a century.

Now the Met has opened new exhibition galleries, and 800 items from one of the world's most impressive collections of musical instruments are on view at last. Many have been restored to playability. The Met plans to tape-record their sounds—"truthful witnesses of early musical culture," Curator Emanuel Winteritz calls them—and pipe them into headphones for visitors. To start a series of recitals in the museum's auditorium in which professional musicians will demonstrate the capacities of rare items in the collection, Pianist Mieczyslaw Horszowski has already

played the oldest piano in existence, a 1721 creation by the Florentine Bartolomeo Cristofori.

Among the other treasures: crystal flutes; a ceramic horn from Germany, painted with blue flowers and glazed; fish-shaped slit drums from Japan; 5-inch-long fiddles that 18th century dancing masters carried in their pockets; Indian randsringas, a form of trumpet



and next year an extra series is to be added to meet the demand. Steinberg already has his mind on new conquests. Encountering Heinz on the street recently, he greeted him with a cordial. "Now Mr. Heinz, about the \$200,000 for those new instruments."

Hounds of Christmas

The record industry's newest Christmas release is a dog. Or rather, five dogs—two shepherds, a poodle, a terrier and a pinscher, all performing a ruff-voiced version of *Jingle Bells*. The record is a howling success.

Originally released in 1955 by RCA, a company whose trademark is a penning puppy, the canine rendition of *Jingle Bells* sold 500,000 copies, then vanished into limbo. Recently, Howard Smith of Manhattan FM station WPLJ started plugging it again and received so many inquiries from listeners that he alerted RCA. When officials dug up a copy and played it for Sam Goody, one of their major distributors who also owns a big chain of New York-based record stores, Goody staggered them by ordering 10,000 copies.

Goody was barking up the right Christmas tree. Last week he quintupled his order; at week's end, RCA had sold over 400,000 copies. One Manhattan record store was even doling out pre-bagged doggie disks. Still scrambling to keep up with demand, an RCA spokesman said: "Another company is planning a competitive version by a chick-en. We hope it lays an egg."

(left): New Guinea bull-roarers (wood carvings designed to roar when swung over the head on a string); and walking sticks that unfold into violins for instant serenades.

Oddest of all is a set of Central African lyres like the one below. Instead of using the usual gourds, the resourceful Africans lopped off human heads, scooped out the contents and covered the tops with parchment and strings. They left a little hair around the ears for decoration.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
THE MUSEUM OF FOLK CULTURE, INC.



SPORT

The Celtic Lakers

The Atlanta Hawks hardly knew what hit them. With less than a minute remaining, they were trailing the Los Angeles Lakers by only one point, 96 to 95. Then two dunk shots, three intercepted passes, eight points and 31 sec. later, the Lakers walked off the court with a 104-95 victory. The Hawks need not have felt victimized. All season long Los Angeles has been terrorizing the entire National Basketball Association with the Laker lunge, a strong finishing kick that leaves opponents panting and fans chanting for more. The win over the Hawks, in fact, gave the Lakers 21 victories in a row and a new N.B.A. record.

The Lakers were not always known as strong finishers, even though they have been touted as potential N.B.A. champions ever since they settled in Los Angeles in 1960. From the start, they had two of the top shooters in N.B.A. history: Guard Jerry West and Forward Elgin Baylor. Then in 1968 when they acquired the highest scorer of all, 7-ft. 1-in. Center Wilt Chamberlain, it was generally conceded that they would be invincible. All that the Lakers proved, however, was that supershots do not make a superteam. Over the past eleven seasons, Los Angeles has advanced to the finals seven times without ever winning the championship. This year many of the pre-season prognosticators gave up on the veteran team, predicting that the Lakers would fail to win their Pacific Division championship. Now, with nearly half the season gone and the Lakers rolling along with the best record in basketball (29 wins, three losses), the Hawks and every other N.B.A. team are still wondering what has happened to Los Angeles.

Run, Run, Run. The answer is Bill Sharman, the Lakers' new, no-nonsense coach. Unlike his three predecessors, Sharman learned the game on the hardwood courts of the N.B.A., where he was an eight-time All-Star guard with the Boston Celtics during their late-1950s glory days. After coaching the Utah Stars to the championship of the American Basketball Association last year, Sharman was hired away for a reported \$75,000 a year to work similar miracles in Southern California. His tactics were simple: stressing defense, the fast break and "running, running, running." He transformed the team into a Los Angeles version of the Celtics. "Basketball players have to be in better shape than any other athletes," says Sharman. "If you're not in condition, it catches up with you in the fourth quarter, and that's the most important part of the game—the last four minutes. That will decide about a third of your games. So conditioning is a big part of my philosophy."

As early as mid-September, when most other N.B.A. teams were just beginning to loosen up for the coming season, Sharman was already putting his team through long punishing workouts. In the past, the Lakers' exhibition series in Hawaii had been a time to loll on the beach and sip a Mai Tai or two. This season, game or no game, Sharman hustled the team off each morning to a rickety, dimly lit high school gymnasium to sweat for three hours in the tropic heat. "I went to Hawaii with a tan," says Jerry West, "and I came home without one."

He also came home with a new assignment. Long the team's deadliest outside gunner, West leads the fast break and divides his scoring duties with Guard

LOS ANGELES TIMES



CHAMBERLAIN (RIGHT) IN ACTION

"The Load" no more.

Gail Goodrich. Result: Goodrich, who at 6 ft. 1 in. is the littlest Laker, is the team's highest scorer with a 27-point average, and West is leading the league in assists. The biggest change, however, has been in the play of Chamberlain, the moody, taciturn giant whose uneven performance in the past has earned him such derisive nicknames as "Big Musty" and "The Load." Now, coaxed into a different role by Sharman, he is recognized as team captain. In the Lakers' new offense, Chamberlain's chief duties consist of raking in the rebounds and then, like some king-size quarterback, firing bullet passes to the streaking guards downcourt. Shooting less and enjoying it more this point average has dropped from a high of 50 in 1962 to a current low of 12. Chamberlain is leading the league in rebounds and setting a personal high in assists and

blocked shots. "It's a different era and a different team," says Wilt. "I'm just doing what's needed."

As the Lakers rolled to their 23rd consecutive win at week's end, there was even talk that they could go all the way against Kareem Jabbar (formerly Lew Alcindor) and the vaunted Milwaukee Bucks, the overwhelming pre-season favorites to win their second straight N.B.A. title. If conditioning alone determined the winner, the Lakers would be shoo-ins. Last week, when Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke jubilantly broke out the champagne to celebrate the team's record-breaking victory, most of the players drank their toasts in Gatorade.

Mentor of the Mighty Mites

To the crowd of 14,313 in the Los Angeles Forum last week, it was largely his ripping punches that helped Mexico's José Nápoles retain his welterweight title with a 15-round decision over Detroit's Hedgehorn Lewis. To Kid Rapidez, Nápoles' trainer, the secret weapon was "the great power up there." Rapidez, a disciple of the voodoo-like Santero religion, believes in a good rite as much as in a good fight. When one of his stable of 80 boxers fights an important match in Mexico City, the Kid dons a red kerchief, a string of Shango beads and pours cologne at the fighter's feet while conga drummers beat out a petition to the gods. A live chicken is always brought into the dressing room before the fight. Was there a fowl in the Forum? Rapidez, certain that Yankees will not understand, only gazes heavenward. But a friend is less reticent. "You can bet there was a chicken somewhere in the Forum that night," he says. "Maybe not in the dressing room, but somewhere."

L.A. DAILY NEWS



LEWIS & NÁPOLES
A good left deserves a good rite.

There were certainly no chickens in the ring. Nápoles, who is called "Man-tequila" because his style is "smooth as butter," owns the best knockout record (47 in 69 bouts) in welterweight history. He and Lewis shared the bill with World Bantamweight Champion Rubén ("Mister K.O.") Olivares and Jesus ("Little Poison") Pimentel, who staged a fast and furious slugfest before Olivares beat Pimentel into submission in the tenth round, scoring his 63rd knockout in 69 fights. Both men are typical of the host of hungry little fighters, most of them from Latin America and Asia, who are restoring some of the lost excitement to boxing from the bottom up. Says one Los Angeles fan of the mighty mites: "The little guys fight like thoroughbreds, while the big guys plod along like trotters."

Kid Rapidez, one of the most sought-after trainers in Latin America, knows all about thoroughbreds. Born Alfredo Cruz in Matanzas, Cuba, he quit school in the third grade and at age 15 went to Havana, where his quick hands won him the name Kid Rapidez and the Cuban flyweight title. After losing only eight of nearly 200 fights, the Kid retired and became a trainer at Havana's National Academy of Boxing. There he groomed such classy fighters as former Welterweight Champions Luis Rodriguez and the late Benny ("Kid") Parei. When Fidel Castro banned professional sports in Cuba, Rapidez moved to Mexico City in 1960 and married one of the country's few lady matadors. There he developed Ultiminio ("Sugar") Ramos into the world featherweight champion in 1963. Six years later, he guided Nápoles to the welterweight crown.

"I'm Your Brother." Nápoles and Ramos, who were Rapidez students in Cuba and followed their mentor to Mexico City, recall that the Kid's instruction did not end in the ring. Stopping one of his charges in the street, Rapidez would pick out another boy twice his size and say: "I'll give you a peso if you can knock him out. I mean cold." Nápoles figures that he won 20 cold pesos that way. Ramos was less fortunate. Son of a police sergeant who sired 53 children, he remembers: "Every time I got ready to punch a kid, the kid would say, 'You can't hit me. I'm your brother.'"

These days Rapidez confines his lessons to the boxing school that he built with his own hands on the outskirts of Mexico City. Drawing hopefuls from Mexico, the Caribbean and as far away as the Zaire Republic, he has built up a stable that includes the 1968 Olympic flyweight champion and no less than seven Mexican Golden Gloves champions. He foresees the day when his fighters—with the help of the Rapidez rituals—will dominate all of the lower-weight classes. "Yes, I have some superstitions," he says, "but I believe in God and the Catholic saints." And a chicken in every dressing room.

THE PRESS

Busted Backgrounder

The "background" briefing has been a Washington fixture for years, a two-sided convenience through which officials can be more candid than usual with reporters in return for having their identities hidden in such collective clichés as "official circles" or "informed sources." Though their ostensible function is to inform, backgrounders are frequently misused.

The Administration can easily exploit the sessions to promote a policy line or send vague hints to other capitals, while retaining the option to deny the whole thing later. Last week the Washington *Post* deliberately broke the unwritten rules for backgrounders and again called the whole practice into serious question.

WALTER HENNESSY



EDITOR BRADLEE

The rules were broken.

En route back to Washington from the Azores summit, White House Adviser Henry Kissinger chatted aboard the *Spirit of '76* with five "pool" reporters who represented 88 other members of the presidential press party. Under persistent questioning, Kissinger retreated from plain background rules to "deep background." That meant information could be used only on the reporters' own authority, without attribution to those all-knowing "Administration officials." Thus shielded, he hinted that President Nixon might—just might—call off his planned Moscow trip next spring (see *THE NATION*). The pool wrote the report, cleared it with Kissinger and passed it on to the larger group of reporters, mentioning both the source and the ground rules.

To *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee, Kissinger's remarks amounted to an Administration policy pronouncement and in the public interest required attribution. He ordered Reporter Stanley Karnow to identify Kissinger by name.

Declared Bradlee: "We have engaged in this deception and done this disservice to the reader long enough."

Once the *Post* blew Kissinger's cover, the New York *Times* followed suit. Many correspondents in the capital, however, agreed with David Kraslow of the Los Angeles *Times*, who charged the *Post* with "unprofessional, unethical, cheap journalism." Kraslow, one of the pool reporters who had questioned Kissinger, said that he "felt undercut, that my word had been broken. The *Post* violated a longstanding rule. Those who use the pool as their agent are bound by it."

The White House was also indignant. Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said that the rule's violation was "unacceptable." Ziegler discussed the problem with the President and quoted Nixon as saying, "Fine, then let's not have any more backgrounders." However, Ziegler said that

EW 2424 AGENCIA PRESS



ADVISER KISSINGER
The cover was blown.

he would meet with reporters this week to work out new and binding rules for any future White House backgrounders.

Footprints. Most journalists are ambivalent about the threat. Kraslow, despite his anger at the *Post* last week, shares Bradlee's general disdain for backgrounders. When large numbers of reporters publish and broadcast similar stories based on the same briefing, informed people can usually guess who the informed source was.

Kissinger's footprints, for instance, are easy to spot because he is the only White House official who briefs on foreign policy—and generally has been the most helpful member of the Administration from the journalists' viewpoint. However, the stories that emerge from deep background sessions sometimes convey an objective fact that in truth is only one side of a complex dispute. The backgrounder can allow officials to be irresponsible and reporters lazy, almost unwittingly placing journalists in a too cozy relationship with news sources.

Short Change. Nonetheless, the backgrounder is unlikely to die. Many one-to-one interviews are conducted under some form of background restriction, and these can yield valuable information. In certain situations, officials are entitled to regard the press as a partner rather than as an adversary. Briefings are also helpful when technical experts explain complex subjects like a new budget. Bradlee admits that when "John Connally gives a background briefing after the Group of Ten meeting, we can't not go. We would be short-changing the reader."

The backgrounder has become such a Washington institution that small groups of reporters have organized periodic breakfasts, luncheons and dinners for the purpose of having candid discussions with officials. Usually the information cannot be directly attributed. When the Washington *Star's* James Doyle started a new group called the Frontgrounders, which conducted only on-the-record interviews, he soon had to abandon it. Few officials would agree to say anything useful.

The Pinch in Paris

The daily press of Paris defies characterization. Like the city itself, it has elements of the best in the brilliant *Le Monde*; and the worst, in *Combat*, which has deteriorated since its Camus heyday. The range is from serious to sexy, from Catholic to Communist. As a whole, the Paris press has not been noted for high quality, but it was long one of Europe's most prolific. A quarter-century ago, just after World War II, there were 28 dailies with a total circulation of 6,000,000. Today there are only 14, and despite a population increase, circulation has declined to 3,900,000 and is still shrinking steadily. As *Le Monde* sees it: "The press is sick, the press is dying."

That prognosis may be overstated, but not by much. Among those threatened are the nation's largest popular daily, *France Soir*, the right-wing *L'Aurore*, the leftist *Combat* and the Roman Catholic *La Croix*. Last month *Combat* and *La Croix* formed what they termed an "alliance," despite their obvious ideological differences. The goal: survival of the so-called partisan press, which is taxed more heavily than general newspapers. Among Paris dailies only the still profitable *Le Monde* has managed to increase circulation in the past two years (to 500,000). In the same period *France Soir* declined from 1,000,000 to 880,000.

Halfhearted Efforts. Readers outside Paris are turning away from capital dailies to their own provincial papers, many of which enjoy monopolies in their areas and provide superior local news coverage. Further inroads have been made by a spate of specialty magazines aimed at everyone from skiers to stamp collectors. Among the most successful of these is *Salut Les Copains*, a monthly



PAPERS AT PARIS KIOSK

The prognosis was not promising.

for teen-agers that has boosted its circulation from near zero ten years ago to 800,000 today.

In self-defense, the metropolitan papers are making only halfhearted efforts to brighten up and offer more to the reader. *France Soir's* format now features horse-racing tips at the top of page one. *Figaro* is offering free subscriptions to college seniors and newlyweds, hoping that they will later be willing to pay. The papers should modernize archaic printing plants and distribution methods. But in troubled times they are reluctant to raise prices (most are 50 centimes—about 10¢) to meet higher costs. Advertising revenue has dropped along with readership, but TV is not the main villain. Commercials on the two-channel network are limited to twelve minutes a day. Advertisers have simply noted the decline in circulation, and some have followed the readers to magazines and provincial papers.

Cancerous Trait. In their pinch, the publishers are turning to the government, seeking lower newsprint costs and relief from proposed postal rate increases. But French newspapers already get an estimated annual subsidy of \$400 million in the form of tax exemptions and special low rates for mail, telephone and telex services. The trend is now the other way: the state has boosted the price of newsprint 15% in the past 36 months and still plans to double postal rates next year.

Some think that salvation lies elsewhere. "The government is set upon either controlling or destroying the press," declares Journalist-Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, general director of the weekly *L'Express*. Government control of broadcasting, says J.J.-S.S., is "one of the most cancerous traits of French society." He argues that publishers should branch out into profitable fields unrelated to journalism. If they cannot, the long-term outlook is for still fewer Paris papers.

SCIENCE

Women's Lib, Amazon Style

When the Spanish conquistador Francisco de Orellana returned from his exploration of the Amazon River four centuries ago, he told of a startling jungle encounter with a race of heroic women warriors. Like the Amazons of Greek mythology, whose name was subsequently given to the great waterway, the jungle women were fierce hunters and fighters. They mated with males captured from neighboring tribes, disposed of their male babies and reared their female offspring in their own martial image. Lacking any other evidence, most experts have long thought that Orellana's tales were fanciful. Now, as a result of a discovery deep in the wilds of Brazil, the old Amazon legend has been revived once again.

The new evidence of an Amazon civilization was found last spring by Jesco von Puttkamer, a German ethnologist and photographer who was studying and photographing the Galeras Indians, a primitive people who live in the largely unexplored rain forests of Brazil's Rondônia territory. After Von Puttkamer had befriended the tribesmen and learned their language, they led him to three secret caves decorated with mysterious markings. Recognizing the possible significance of the site, Von Puttkamer decided to call in expert help: Anthropologist Altair Sales of the Catholic University of Goiás. After exploring the caverns and questioning the Indians about them, Sales emerged from the jungle with an astonishing conclusion: the caves, he says, were inhabited long ago by warlike women remarkably similar to those described by Francisco de Orellana.

Among the strange markings on the cave walls, Sales discovered a recurring

theme: a triangle marked by a deep cut running from one apex to the center. To Sales, the triangle is obviously a symbol for the female. The same symbol, he recalls, had been observed on the jewelry of the Amazons by Father Gaspar de Carvajal, a chronicler of Orellana's expedition. At least one of the cave triangles has a smaller triangle carved inside it; Sales speculates that it might represent pregnancy. Another triangle, adorned with two stripes, might have symbolized a tribal leader. Still others are positioned side by side, suggesting lesbianism. The caves are also decorated with pictures of masks that Sales thinks were worn by Amazons during their man-hunting raids on nearby villages. To produce a suitable hypnotic effect during mating rites, the Amazons apparently played flutes, which are also carved on the cave walls. To this day, Sales reports, local Indian men forbid their women to play flutes, lest they return to reviving Amazonian ways.

In one of the caves, Sales found a rock with a large basin-like hole gouged out of it; there were also grooves running into the basin. That brought to mind one old account of the Amazons drinking the blood of their slaughtered male offspring; Sales believes the basin was designed to catch blood from the infants slaughtered on the stone.

Copulatorium. Some five miles from the caves, Sales discovered still more evidence of the Amazon culture: a huge stone with stairs carved into its side. The top of the rock was artificially smoothed and was probably used as a

ALTAIR-SALES



CARVINGS ON COPULATORY ROCK
A suggestive juxtaposition.

platform; on it are side-by-side carvings of a triangle and phallus, the only male symbol found in the area. Sales concludes that the stone was the Amazons' copulatorium, or ritual mating site.

Sales is convinced by the artifacts that the people who produced them were indeed Amazons. Moreover, he says, there may have once been many feminist tribes roaming all through the Brazilian jungles. Until he has further proof of his contention, however, he intends to keep secret the precise lo-

cation of the caves and the copulatorium. That will prevent archaeological scavengers from making off with the surviving handiwork of what may have been some of the world's earliest and most fanatic women liberationists.

And Now, the Leap Second

Every leap year, modern calendars are expanded to include an extra day. There is a valid astronomical reason for the adjustment: it takes almost six hours more than 365 days for the earth to complete its annual trip around the sun. Thus, to keep the calendar in time with the earth, a 366th day—Feb. 29—is added every fourth year. Now, as leap year 1972 approaches, scientists are preparing to insert a new and considerably smaller correction into the calendar: the leap second.

The leap second grows out of science's pressing need for extremely accurate clocks. In 1967, an international agreement redefined the basic unit of time—the second—in terms of the precise tuning-fork-like vibrations of the cesium atom (9,192,631,770 cycles per sec.). But while cesium, or atomic, clocks are the most accurate timepieces ever built by man (they lose no more than one ten-millionth of a second in a day), other measures of time—hours, days, months—are still geared to the earth's rotation. Unfortunately, as clocks go, the earth is less than perfect. It is slowing down by as much as a second a year.

Painstaking Correction. The slowdown is something of a puzzle to scientists: some suspect that it may be due to the slippage of the earth's mantle over its underlying core. Whatever the cause, the slowdown is a major nuisance to the National Bureau of Standards—which watches over the national time standard with its cesium clocks at Boulder, Colo.—and other institutions and laboratories that operate atomic timepieces. To keep these clocks in step with the earth's less-than-regular rotation, they must be reset periodically by a small and painstakingly calculated amount. Because the corrections are done independently and at different times, one lab's atomic clock may not read the same as another's.

The leap second should eliminate such discrepancies. The International Time Bureau in Paris will now simply issue a directive, probably once a year beginning in 1972, based on worldwide astronomical observations of the earth's rate of rotation. If the accumulated slowdown requires it, the bureau will advise participating countries to reset their clocks by the addition of a second (or subtraction of a second if the earth's rotation should speed up). Thus atomic clocks in all parts of the world should always be ticking off the same seconds. Why wasn't the leap second created sooner? Explains James A. Barnes, chief of the time and frequency division of the National Bureau of Standards: "It takes time to agree on time."



STATUE OF AMAZON WARRIOR

TIME/LAURENCE ALTON

THE THEATER

Laureate of Loss

The British never seem to lack for good playwrights. They have an uncanny gift for writing well about their nation even when they think ill of it. They can poke peevishly in the guttering embers of empire and the grate of memory flickers with glories past. David Storey has an option on this territory, and he looks back more in grief than in anger. He searches for the severed link with the imperial past. How did today's termites, he seems to ask, descend from yesterday's titans? He is a dramatic laureate of loss.

Last season, in *Home*, Storey made old age in a mental home his metaphor for the decline and fragmentation of empire. This season, in *The Contractor*, which recently concluded a U.S. première engagement at New Haven's Long Wharf Theater and is scheduled to open in San Francisco on March 14, Storey uses the raising and striking of a huge tent as the symbol of the rise and fall of national greatness. In a still larger sense, the tent is emblematic of the vanity of human wishes—in art, in politics, in science, in business, in love, in life. As it flaps to the stage floor at the end of the play like a great wounded sea bird, one can almost hear the spectral voice of Ezra Pound: "Pull down that vanity, I say pull down."

Tarantulas. The putting up and taking down of the tent is all that actually happens in *The Contractor*, but it is utterly fascinating. For one thing, it is an intricate, large-scale operation requiring precise teamwork from the cast. For another, it is one of those rare occasions where a man's work life is actually depicted on the stage. The stress, the satisfaction and the ultimate futility of a community of effort are all present.

The contractor, Ewbank (William Sweetland), is on the verge of bankruptcy, but he wants to give his daughter a splashy lawn wedding reception. His workers are sullen, sassy and querulous. Two of them, Fitzpatrick (Emery Battis) and Marshall (John Cazale), verbally dominate the play, like stinging tarantulas. On a certain level, Storey has drawn a scathing portrait of the welfare state probe. But Storey never withdraws his compassion from any of these men. When the foreman, Kay (John Braden), is exposed as an ex-convict, and another workman is mocked because his wife deserted him for his impotence, Storey fills each man's eyes with a scalding, terrible hurt. The wedding never takes place; the tent has been erected in vain.

To the Morrow. The degradation of language parallels the decay of power and majesty. One workman, Glendening (Tom Atkins), is a tongue-knotted baboon who cannot put his feet, let alone his words, where he wants to.

With this handful of human rubble—stuttering, stumbling, abject—Storey evokes the race that gave the world the speech of Shakespeare, the King James Bible and Churchill.

To attempt such a difficult play is a vast credit to the Long Wharf Theater and its intrepid artistic director, Arvin Brown. To marshal an American cast and make it seem British to the marrow is an equal triumph for Director Barry Davis and his admirable players. They have honored a playwright who is an impressive successor to Osborne and Pinter. Only rarely does one encounter a deep, possibly a noble soul who regards the eclipse of his civilization and his folk as drier than his own death.

■ T.E. Kalem

ALAN E. STEPPA



PRISON SCENE FROM "THE SCREENS"
An act of evil is the only liberation.

Genet's War

When a writer is at a loss for anything fresh to say, he sometimes cannibalizes previous successful works of his own, or cribs outright from someone else. In *The Screens*, Jean Genet does both. Thinly disguised furnishings of *The Balcony*, with its bordello fantasies, and *The Blacks*, with its racial voodoo masks, go floating past in this five-hour play that most nearly resembles a rolling, debris-clotted river in flood.

The Screens, however, lacks the caste v. outcast tensions of *The Blacks* and the musky eroticism of *The Balcony*. In a Genetic mutation of Bertolt Brecht, the playwright doubly fails. He tries to apply the epic veneer of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* to the theme of little people whipped about in a historical convulsion, in this case France's punitive struggle with Algeria. Brecht

succeeded because he had a certain sympathy for the last-ditch valor of his little people even when he portrayed them as cagey sneaks. Genet fails because he regards all people as maggots.

Grandiose Pretensions. What is original in the play—it's scrambled, meandering documentary account of the Algerian war—is almost worse than what is borrowed. Even when one sees the French Legionnaires and the Algerian revolutionaries, they seem like a confused army of extras recruited from Central Casting. This is not really the fault of Director Minos Volanakis or the Chelsea Theater Center, which has staged Volanakis' translation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Rather the flaw is in the script's grandiose pretensions, which dwarf interest in any individual.

When the play opens, Said (Robert Jackson), the poorest of the poor, is about to marry Leila (Janet League),

the ugliest of the ugly. He steals a coat and lands in jail. She steals in order to be with him, and after that they sink from degradation to degradation. The war quickly takes center stage, with the French soldiers presented as dandified homosexuals and the rebels as little better. The language of the play is unrelentingly anal. As no great surprise, Genet finally advocates acts of evil as the only liberating force either against the old order or the new.

Such sentiments do not lend themselves to poetic eloquence. There is one performance of shaming distinction, that of Despo (stage name of Greek Actress Despo Diamantidou) as a revolutionary virago. She possesses an implacable authority that would make a top sergeant blench. With Despo in command, Genet's war might have ended in five minutes rather than five hours.

■ T.E.K.



MANHATTAN CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS AT MACY'S

JAPAN Kicking the Growth Cult

"The Japanese worked too hard in the past. It is most important to curb the growth rate and eliminate various negative conditions, including pollution."

—Konomuke Matsushita, chief of Matsushita Electric Industrial Co.

In what could be Japan's most significant policy shift since V-J day, the world's third mightiest industrial power is reining in its breakneck drive for economic growth. Many industrialists and economists have joined with Matsushita, himself the symbol of Japan's high-growth ideology, in calling for a slower, steadier pace. Kazutaka Kikawada, chairman of the Tokyo Electric Power Co., complains that Japan's growth drive has led to a "flippant materialism," destroyed much of the country's beauty, and created environmental devastation that threatens to lead to social disruptions. Adds Professor Jun Eto of the Tokyo Institute of Technology: "The production cult is being deflated. It has simply gone out of fashion."

Paring the Work Week. Instead, the Japanese are shifting their prodigious energies toward meeting their great needs for schools, hospitals, sewer systems and the like. The government plans to increase its budget next year by an estimated 20%, with most of the extras going for public works. Meanwhile, government economists are in the process of scaling down the growth goal for the gross national product to about 7% annually, from between 10% and 18% in past years. In addition, the Labor Ministry seeks to persuade businessmen to pare the average work week from 46 hours to 40 hours. Slower growth will eliminate many small producers and bring a moderate earnings drop for major firms. On the other hand, service industries, especially those in recreation fields, will grow as the slowdown provides the Japanese with more free time.

The Japanese are disenchanted with runaway expansion largely because they blame it for causing intolerable pollution. Great palls of deadly, eye-smarting smog from factory smokestacks settle over the cities and their increasingly restive inhabitants. Last week pollution protesters staged a sit-in at government offices in Tokyo. Most were victims of pollution-induced cadmium poisoning, a painful bone complaint that the Japanese call *tsu tsu* (ouch ouch). One day recently, Tokyo's Haneda Airport was so socked in by pollution that planes had to be diverted to another city. Industrial waste and sludge have also poisoned the streams and rivers and are choking off life in the Inland Sea. A sign of the times: exhibitors at a recent Tokyo show of U.S. antipollution equipment picked up \$29 million worth of orders in only five days.

More and more Japanese also believe that, by stressing industrial growth, they have shortchanged themselves in

Solid Signs of Revival

IT is very possible that a surprisingly strong upturn is now under way in the nation's business. Like flowers popping up through the snow, many signs of a resurgence are appearing:

► Christmas sales are particularly brisk. Compared with last year, retail sales rose 11% in the first week in December and 9% in the month's second week. Says Macy's President K. Wade Bennett: "So far, it's the best Christmas in a long, long, long time."

► Housing starts in November ran at a record annual rate of 2,316,000, all but ensuring that an alltime high of 2,100,000 units will have been begun this year. Sales of home furnishings are certain to rise next year as these houses are completed and tenants move in.

► Industrial production jumped in November by 8%, the biggest monthly boost since May. Significantly, there were increases in the critically important categories of consumer goods and business equipment.

► Auto sales are heading for a record-high 10.2 million or more units this year, including imports. Detroit's manufacturers expect to match or exceed that total next year, and to sell proportionately more domestic cars because of the shift in currency-exchange rates. Retiring General Motors Chairman James Roche predicts 1972 sales of between 10.5 and 11 million units. The manufacturers plan to produce a high total of 2.4 million U.S. cars in next year's first quarter. That rate of output should eliminate the industry's traditional mid-winter layoffs and create more overtime and fatter paychecks for workers.

► Partly because of more jobs and overtime work, personal income in November rose \$3.5 billion, to an annual rate

of \$876 billion. That compares with a gain of \$1 billion in October.

► The stock market, as measured by the Dow Jones industrial average, climbed 17 points last week, to close at 874. Since Thanksgiving it has jumped 72 points. On the basis of expected increases in earnings for the companies that make up the index, some high mutual fund executives are again indulging in their favorite dreams, forecasting that the Dow will finally top 1,000 next year.

For all these prospects of progress, businessmen remain wary and reluctant to spend heavily for inventories. Durable-goods manufacturers have reduced their inventories for the last three recorded months in a row, and that is a major—if temporary—drag. The problem is that businessmen have seen the economy make too many false starts toward recovery, and they have heard too many rosy pronouncements from Administration officials who later proved to be overly optimistic. But the latest tangible signs of the increase in sales and production will probably force businessmen to increase their own spending—sooner rather than later.

There are other hopeful signs. Industrial productivity is rising fast because manufacturers are increasing their output more rapidly than they are hiring workers. The new tax reductions enacted by Congress, though relatively modest, will add a further fiscal push to the economy. Adding up all factors, more and more economists forecast that the gross national product will rise next year by \$100 billion, give or take a few billion, and that the real, non-inflationary rate of growth will be close to 6%—roughly double this year's level.

public amenities. Says Economist Sadao Chikaraishi: "Only by persistently keeping down our infrastructure investments have we been able to keep our industrial production soaring." The extent and quality of Japanese roads, parks and housing are far below Western standards. In Tokyo and Osaka, and other overcrowded cities many workers live in fragile wooden shacks that are crammed together in foul narrow lanes. Fully 90% of Japanese houses do not have flush toilets.

Finally, the "Nixon shock" of Aug. 15, when the U.S. President brought out his tough trade and money policy, brought home to the Japanese that they could no longer flood the world with goods produced by low-wage labor. Says Yasuo Kurita, export chief for Maruman Co.: "Some of us have gone into foreign markets too fast and sometimes engaged in the unhealthy practice of dumping. If there is resentment against Japanese businessmen overseas, then we alone are to blame." It is to remove this stigma, to cleanse the environment, and to improve the all-too-gritty quality of domestic life that the Japanese are at last beginning to shift their national goals away from growth at any cost.

JOBS

The Plight of Viet Nam Era Vets

Until this year, the National Alliance of Businessmen, a voluntary organization of close to 30,000 companies, spent its energies on the hiring and training of the hard-core unemployed. Last June it also took on the task of finding jobs for Viet Nam era veterans. Its goal is to place 100,000 in this fiscal year, or roughly one-third of the vets currently unemployed. The N.A.B. now reports that it is off to a slow-start, having placed only about 20,000 veterans in the first five months of the campaign. The plight of many of the 5.2 million ex-G.I.s is revealed in last month's unemployment figures, which show general unemployment at 6% and Viet Nam veterans' joblessness at 8.2%. The ultimate cure for veterans' and all unemployment awaits an even brisker economic turn-around.

EXECUTIVES

The Fellow on the Bridge

In 1900 a scrawny nine-year-old from Minsk clambered out of steerage class and onto the hard-scrabble streets of Manhattan. Before he died last week at 80, David Sarnoff rose to rule one of the last great personal autocracies in U.S. industry, the \$3.3 billion-a-year RCA Corp. Though he was neither scientist nor inventor, he probably did more than any other American to bring radio, television and color TV to the masses. With considerable justification, "General" Sarnoff cast himself as the father of the entire electronic-communications industry. "In a big ship sailing in an uncharted sea," he would say, "one fellow needs to be on the bridge. I happen to be that fellow."

Chances that Paid. Sarnoff's special gift was that he was not only a visionary but also a hustling salesman who could persuade scientists and capitalists to invest their brainpower and money to make his own dreams of the future come true. As a teen-ager, he taught himself telegraphy and talked his way into an operator's job at the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Co. of America. A classic tragedy gave him a big break: the *Titanic* sank in 1912, and Sarnoff stayed at his key for 72 hours in New York, relaying the news to the world. The *Titanic* brought much attention to the possibilities of radio communication—and Sarnoff, who soon became commercial manager of American Marconi.

The company was bought from its British owners after World War I by General Electric, which changed its name to Radio Corp. of America. Sarnoff became general manager and, during the 1920s, persuaded its reluctant owners to invest in a series of chancy schemes. His restless drive led RCA to mass-produce home radio sets, to set up a broadcasting network (NBC) and to make the company's first tentative steps into television. By 1932, when the trust-busters forced the company's owners to

² He was awarded the rank of brigadier general for a year's service in World War II.

spin off RCA, Sarnoff had been president for two years. He led by sheer force of personality; Sarnoff owned only one-third of 1% of the stock, but even that is now worth \$7.4 million.

No Butterflies. Sarnoff's zeal to be first with color TV led him into an epic battle with William Paley's CBS. RCA developed a "compatible" broadcast method that could send color and black-and-white signals on special color TVs, but CBS, with a superior picture, won the Federal Communications Commission's license to proceed commercially. Sarnoff ordered his engineers back to their labs. Three years later, they produced a high-quality compatible system. The FCC reversed itself, and CBS lost a big round to RCA.

Sarnoff's inclination to spend, spend, spend on research also resulted in some spectacular failures. Even before RCA had begun to recoup the \$130 million it had invested in color TV, it began laying out millions more to break into computers, an effort that it finally abandoned at a great loss this year when profitability seemed far off. Sarnoff's son Robert, 53, who succeeded him as chairman last year, will do well if he can boast, as his father did after a particularly rocky period at RCA, that "I never got butterflies."

With his big cigars and his hard-boiled manner, David Sarnoff sometimes seemed to be trying to prove his own aphorism that "competition brings out the best in products and the worst in men." Some of his critics charged that if he had been more interested in the quality of his network's products ("Basically, we're the delivery boys," he would say) TV programming might be much better than it is today. Sarnoff also ran RCA with a messianic but too simplistic belief in technology's ability to advance the frontiers of society. Some of his forecasts seem a long way from realization. For example, he once predicted that color TV would bring "a new era of art appreciation." Still, what made Sarnoff one of the industrial giants of the century was his willingness, as he phrased it, to put "more faith in scientists than they have in themselves."



TELEGRAPHER SARNOFF IN 1908



RCA CHAIRMAN SARNOFF IN 1965

More faith in scientists than they have in themselves.

CINEMA



CASSEL & ROWLANDS IN "MINNIE AND MOSKOWITZ"

An Anodyne to Loneliness

In any film by John Cassavetes, the acting is all. The emotional force and conviction of his performers shape and generate the story. Where most film makers require their actors to conform to the demands of the camera, Cassavetes allows his actors considerable freedom to improvise; the camera is always at their service. This technique gives his films a slightly fractured appearance, but it achieves a unique degree of reality. No American film maker deals so lavishly or so lovingly with people in their every aspect.

Cassavetes' earlier *Faces and Husbands* dealt with the terrible toll exacted by emotional commitment. *Minnie and Moskowitz* deals with the positive, sometimes desperate need for that same commitment. Its theme, familiar but here recharged with emotion, is the search of two people for an anodyne to loneliness. Created in a mood of sustained ebullience, it is his lightest, most accessible film, and one of the few movies in recent times that could be called joyous.

The text might have been taken from Eleanor Rigby: "All the lonely people, where do they all come from? All the lonely people, where do they all belong?" Seymour Moskowitz (Seymour Cassel) is a manic parking-lot attendant who tries to meet girls by the unconvincing and always unsuccessful expedient of claiming prior acquaintance. Consequently, he spends a lot of time alone at the movies.

Minnie Moore (Gena Rowlands) works in the Los Angeles County Art Museum and is involved in a dead-end affair with a married man. She spends a lot of time at the movies, too, doting on the soft-focus images of her dreams. "Florence," she tipsily confides to a friend late one night, "I never had a Charles Boyer in my life." Instead, she gets Seymour Moskowitz, who pursues

her with the fierce dedication of a sans-culotte storming the Bastille. His final victory makes for one of the rarest screen events: a believable and totally appropriate happy ending.

Gena Rowlands (Mrs. Cassavetes) brings a poignancy and complexity to Minnie that makes hers one of the memorable performances of the year. Cassel is full of dizzying charm and whirling-dervish energy. As always with Cassavetes' films, there are cameo roles so rich they could make a movie in themselves: Val Avery as a loud-mouthed date of Minnie's, Tim Carey as a poetry-spouting bum who disdains the movies ("A lot of lonely people sit there looking up at a screen—what do I need that for?"). But almost stealing the show from these pros is newcomer Katherine Cassavetes (the director's mother, and only one of a large number of his friends and relatives in the cast), whose deadly and hilarious portrayal of Seymour's mother might give Mrs. Portnoy pause.

Although *Minnie and Moskowitz* is Cassavetes' most carefully contained and controlled movie, the momentum sometimes lags. The cinematography is too often cursory, and there are too many scenes staged in parking lots, on staircases, or in bathrooms. Cassavetes remains oblivious to such things. It is his major fault and his greatest virtue: he cares more for his characters than for his audience.

• Joy Cocks

Ethnic Cartoons

At a group therapy session on Christmas Eve, Pandora Gold from The Bronx announces, "I've been trying very hard to give up my symptoms. I'm a failure at everything." At the same session, after Pandora is duly comforted, Giggy Pinimba from Brooklyn says defensively, "I get depressed around the holidays like everybody else, but I'm no fag."



BOLOGNA & TAYLOR IN "MADE FOR EACH OTHER"

Made for Each Other is the fitfully funny chronicle of their perhaps inevitable love affair. The trouble is that every ethnic stereotype that they represent is milked for every obvious laugh.

Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna, the actors who play the two leading roles, are also the screenwriters. Their script has some good, nutty ideas (Giggy graduates from college at age 29, being perhaps the only Italian American who ever majored in what his father derisively calls "colored people's studies"), but it bogs down too often in desultory improvisation and strident soul-searching. They did better in their previous screenplay, *Lovers and Other Strangers*. That too featured your favorite minority emblems—loudmouthed Italian fathers in undershirts, shrewish Jewish mamas nagging at the small fry and prodding their older progeny to marriage—but rendered them affectionately, with the kind of insider's insight that made them something more than cartoons.

Here they are just cartoons. Taylor and Bologna act them competently, but that is hardly worth two hours of anybody's time. Most of the rest of the company (Olympia Dukakis, Helen Verbit, Ron Carey) overact shamelessly and uninterestingly, although Louis Zorich, as Pandora's gallivanting father, has a couple of hilariously sleazy moments. Robert B. Bean directed, apparently by remote control.

• J.C.

A Devalued \$

Take a coke-snorting smuggler, a crooked Army quartermaster, a deceptively dippy hooker and a smooth-talking expert in alarm systems. Add a bank, ultramodern European and defiantly burglar-proof. The hooker is greedy, the alarms expert larcenous and the bank eminently susceptible to a shrewd variation on the Trojan-horse tactic.

To make the setup sweeter, the loot is dirty money, the kind of quarter-million-dollar nest egg socked away by people with the same ethics as the cokemonger and the quartermaster. "Crooks," as the alarms expert points out, "are the only ones who can't holler cop."

The fatal flaw in the scheme is Writer-Director Richard Brooks, whose previous films (*The Blackboard Jungle*, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, *In Cold Blood*) were notable for a kind of insistent pre-

tension unembellished by visual style or intellectual depth. In *\$* (yes, that's the title), Brooks is not content to make a straight caper movie, which his script might have supported. Instead, he guns for philosophical commentary.

"Every big crime's supposed to prove something about the times we live in," announces the alarms expert (Warren Beatty). What this crime proves is never revealed. There are, however, never-ending references to money, proceeding

in both dialogue and image to a last scene that will come as a surprise only to those who slept through the first seven reels.

Beatty's nervous, sardonic energy gives *\$* some much-needed momentum and at least a modicum of charm. As the hooker, Goldie Hawn displays her familiar *Laugh-In* mannerisms with witless bravado. She is suffering from a terminal case of the cutes.

• J.C.

The Décor of Tomorrow's Hell

*Some movies are so inventive and powerful that they can be viewed again and again and each time yield up fresh illuminations. Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* is such a movie. Based on Anthony Burgess's 1963 novel of the same title, it is a merciless, demotic satire of a near future terrorized by pathological teen-age toughs. When it opened last week, TIME Movie Critic Jay Cocks hailed it as "chillingly and often hilariously believable." Below, TIME's art critic takes a further look at some of its aesthetic implications:*

STANLEY KUBRICK's biting and dandyish vision of subtopia is not simply a social satire but a brilliant cultural one. No movie in the last decade (perhaps in the history of film) has made such exquisitely chilling predictions about the future role of cultural artifacts—paintings, buildings, sculpture, music—in society, or extrapolated them from so undecieved a view of our present culture.

The time is somewhere in the next ten years; the police still wear Queen Elizabeth II's monogram on their caps and the politicians seem to be dressed by Blades and Mr. Fish. The settings have the glittery, spaced-out look of a Milanese design fair—all stamped Mylar and womb-form chairs, thick glass tables, brushed aluminum and chrome, sterile perspectives of unshuttered concrete and white molded plastic. The designed artifact is to *Orange* what technological gadgetry was to Kubrick's *2001*: a character in the drama, a mute and unblinking witness.

This alienating décor is full of works of art. Fiber-glass nudes, crouched like *Playboy* femlings in the Korova milk bar, serve as tables or dispense mescaleine-laced milk from their nipples. They are, in fact, close parodies of the fetishistic furniture-sculpture of Allen Jones. The living room of the Cat Lady, whom Protagonist Alex (Malcolm McDowell) murders with an immense Arp-like sculpture of a phallus, is decked with the kind of garish, routinely erotic paintings that have infested Pop-art consciousness in recent years.

The impression, a very deliberate one, is of culture objects cut loose from any power to communicate, or even to be no-

ticed. There is no reality to which they connect. Their owners possess them as so much paraphernalia, like the derby hats, coppieces and bleeding-eye emblems that Alex and his mates wear so defiantly on their billy-hoys costumes. When Alex swats at the Cat Lady's sculptured *schlong*, she screams: "Leave that alone, don't touch it! It's a very important work of art!" This pathetic burst of connoisseur's jargon echoes in a vast cultural emptiness. In worlds like this, no work of art can be important.

The geography of Kubrick's bleak landscape becomes explicit in his use of music. Whenever the woodwind and brass turn up on the sound track, one may be fairly sure that something atrocious will appear on the screen—and be distanced by the irony of juxtaposition. Thus to the strains of Rossini's *Thieving Magpie*, a girl is gang-raped in a deserted casino. In a sequence of exquisite *comédie noire*, Alex cripples a writer and rapes his wife while tripping through a Gene Kelly number: "Singin' in the rain" (*bush*). "Just singin' in the rain" (*kick*).

What might seem gratuitous is very pointed indeed. At issue is the popular 19th century idea, still held today, that Art is Good for You. That the purpose of the fine arts is to provide moral uplift. Kubrick's message, amplified from Burgess's novel, is the opposite: art has no ethical purpose. There is no religion of beauty. Art serves, instead, to promote esthetic consciousness. The kind of esca-

sy depends on the person who is having it. Without the slightest contradiction, Nazis could weep over Wagner before stoking the crematoriums. Alex grooves on the music of "Ludwig van," especially the *Ninth Symphony*, which fills him with fantasies of sex and slaughter.

When he is drug-cured of belligerence, strapped into a straitjacket with eyes clamped open to watch films of violence, the conditioning also works on his love of music: Beethoven makes him suicidal. Then, when the government returns him to his state of innocent viciousness, the love of Ludwig comes back: "I was really cured at last," he says over the last fantasy shot, in which he is swiving a blonde amidst clapping Establishment figures in Ascot costume, while the mighty setting of Schiller's *Ode to Joy* peals on the sound track.

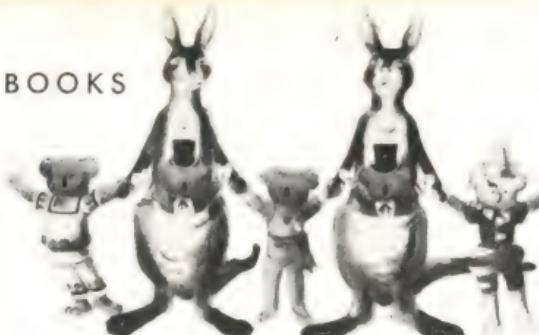
Kubrick delivers these insights with something of Alex's pure, consistent aggression. His visual style is swift and cold—appropriately, even necessarily so. Moreover, his direction has the rarest of qualities, bravura morality—ironic, precise and ferocious. "It's funny," muses Alex, "how the colors of the real world only seem really real when you viddy them on the screen." It is a good epigraph to *A Clockwork Orange*. No futures are inevitable, but little Alex, glarng through the false eyelashes that he affects while on his bashing rampages, rises from the joint imaginations of Kubrick and Burgess like a portent: he is the future Candide, not of innocence, but of excessive and frightful experience.

• Robert Hughes

McDOWELL RESTS BETWEEN BASHINGS IN "CLOCKWORK ORANGE"



BOOKS



KANGAROOS & KOALA BEARS AT THE CIRCUS

ing and the smoke, and longs instead to become "something quiet and simple like a lovely elm tree." Eventually Katy flies off the rails to lodge between two tall hemlocks, a permanent one-woman commune for birds and squirrels.

Another commercial trend is juvenile creations by celebrities. In *Mandy* (Harper & Row; \$4.95), Julie Andrews tells about an eponymous orphan girl who longs for a family, finds a deserted cottage outside the orphanage grounds, and is adopted by the lord of the local manor. Though *Mandy* is selling like *The Whole Earth Catalog*, it mainly proves that Julie Andrews has fondly read *The Secret Garden* and deserves every success as a singer and film actress.

How the Mouse Was Hit on the Head by a

WILLIAM STEIG

Caboose Thoughts and Celebrities

It has been glumly observed that a children's book, like cat food, is rarely bought by the actual consumer. Probably not even Ralph Nader could contest this situation. But what it means is that young readers are peculiarly at the mercy of pedagogues, packagers and harried parents, especially in the U.S., where juvenile books are a \$150 million-a-year business. This year commercial fashions—some new, some old—are once more depressingly in evidence.

Tomes for tots are still dominated by the Art Director Look. What small children love best is plenty of handsomely presented visual detail, so that they can pore over a book again and again. What they keep getting is sweeping, uncluttered spreads in yummy pastels, or Neanderthal collages depicting, say, one mouse, two frogs and a lily pad, accompanied by perhaps seven fatuous words per page. Pleasant enough, but nothing in it to justify the price or keep the mind alive, even for a single rereading.

Trying to correct not the slightness but the sunniness, a number of publishers now seek relevance by bringing out urban ghetto stories, but many, alas, are daubed in dark, impressionistic slabs of color so that the characters look as if they were under water in some murky river like the Hudson.

DROPOUT CABOOSE ON THE LOOSE

Books for older children are also a problem. Many are still written by English authors whose upper-class vocabulary, easy for a literate nine-year-old in Britain, is at a level sometimes not reached by American children until they are older. As a result, all that wholesome British chatter about ripping adventures during the long hols seems, well, childish—and alien corn to hoot. To provide up-to-date reading, American juvenile writers have for some years been drearily confronting such New subjects as sex, violence and drugs.

Yankee Ingenuity. Their basic failure is not choice of subject but lack of talent, and the error of putting message before magic. Anyone considering the folly of seeking topicality in children's books might ponder the evolution of one railroad theme in books for toddlers. The literary genre began with *The Little Engine That Could* (Platt & Munk; 1930), an Establishment epic in which a coal-burning hero learned to serve the military-industrial complex by applying Yankee ingenuity ("I think I can, I think I can . . . I know I can, I know I can . . ."). Then came *Tootle* (Golden Press; 1946), who almost flunked out of locomotive school because he did not want to run on the capitalist rails, taking to the meadows near by. This revolutionary behavior was corrected by the good people of Lower Trainswitch, who conditioned him by waving red stop flags at him in the fields until he learned that true freedom lies in conformity.

In 1953 came *The Little Red Caboose* (Golden Press), who resented the status of "the big black engine, puffing and chuffing" way up at the front of the train. But when the Little Red Caboose saves the train by slamming on its brakes on a hill, it is reconciled to an inferior status. Now we have Bill Peet's *The Caboose Who Got Loose* (Houghton Mifflin; \$4.95). Not an "it" but a "she" longing to be liberated, Katy Caboose not only resents the "proud and powerful" male-chauvinist engine; she hates the noise and the jolt-

Stone and So Discovered the World (Doubleday; \$5.95) is an effort by the renowned Swiss educational philosopher Jean Piaget. In a chesty preface, he explains that he worked with Illustrator Etienne Delessert, as well as "a good psychologist" and 23 children, aged five and six, who were asked to approve or disapprove every line of the story as it went along. The children, Piaget reports, were "keenly interested" and "sometimes even laughed a lot." Perhaps *How the Mouse etc.* loses in translation. In English, anyway, it simply suggests what Piaget—the foremost exponent of adjusting the process of learning to the individual—should have known: individuals can write books; committees can't.

The other celebrities, dead or alive, include Eugene Ionesco, Nobel Poet Miguel Asturias, Federico Garcia Lorca, Donald Barthelme, Willie Morris, R.F. Delderfield, Anne Sexton, Christina Rossetti, Ernest Gaines and Nathaniel Benchley. Some of their juvenile works are included below.

For the very young:

Amos & Boris by William Steig. Unpaged. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.50. A seagoing rodent and a whale sign a long-term mutual-assistance pact in a variation on the old lion-and-the-mouse caper. In an off year, the year's best.

Father Fox's Penny Rhymes by Clyde

TIME, DECEMBER 27, 1971



BORIS & AMOS AT SEA

And mushrooms that say "quirp."



ART BY STEIG

and Wendy Watson. 56 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$4.50. A clever, cheerful, jazzy Vermont general store of a book. Foxes, rabbits and such go sashaying around in galluses, corncocks and calico, all presented in comic-strip scenes, sight gags and family gatherings. The text is a lacing of verse that ranges from nonsense to nostalgia.

Bear Circus by William Pène du Bois. 48 pages. Viking. \$4.95. The author can do more with 26 koala bears in a gum tree, a plague of locusts and a pocketful of friendly kangaroos than you could imagine. Scenic but thin.

Violetta by Erich Hölle. 39 pages. Harvey House. \$3.95. A svelte Belle Epoque horseless carriage rolls down through the century, from snug childhood as a famous racer to old age in a vintage car museum. Automotive anthropomorphism at its most arch, but well preserved.

Theodore and the Talking Mushroom by Leo Lionni. Unpaged. Pantheon. \$3.95. A mouse with an inferiority complex uses a mysterious mushroom for an Adlerian power play that fails. Leo Lionni is a well-known designer and ex-art director, whose collages, this time out, would scare a hoptoad. But anyone who figured that a talking mushroom would just naturally say "quirp" isn't to be lightly overlooked.

The Slightly Irregular Fire Engine by Donald Barthelme. Unpaged. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$4.95. Fantastist Barthelme goes through his own looking glass and comes back with a young Alice named Mathilda, some elegant chatter, "a hithering thithering Djinn," and a Chinese lunch that includes sweet and sour ice cream. Most of the pictures—cutouts culled from Victorian-style engravings—are too static for children, though the storm scene (from Gustave Doré's illustrations for *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*) is splendid.

For the not so young:

Good Old Boy by Willie Morris. 143 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.95. In *North Toward Home*, the former editor in chief of *Harper's* told about a grown-up visit to his tiny home town, Yazoo City, Miss., back in 1967. This book, written for his son who lives in New York, celebrates Morris' boyhood in Yazoo before World War II. It is drenched in crawdads, squirrel dumplings, Delta woodlands, and Peck's-bad-boy jokes. But Morris eases out of realism into fantasy and back with no strain, and it's nice to think that somebody more temporary than Huck Finn could remember it all that way.

Too Few for Drums by R.F. Delderfield. 253 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$5.95. The author has had two more or less adult books (*God Is an Englishman*, *Theirs Was the Kingdom*) on the best-seller lists. This one skillfully concentrates on a slightly different audience, using a story about class consciousness, a camp follower with a heart of gold, courage, and coming of age in the

British army's retreat from Spain during the Napoleonic Wars. A discreet amour in a moonlit glade is an agreeable throwback to the decorous ways of Horatio Hornblower.

The Pair of Shoes by Aline Glasgow. Pictures by Symeon Shimin. Unpaged. Dial. \$4.95. A spare parable about poverty in a family of Polish Jews that turns upon who gets to use its only pair of shoes. With fine pencil and wash pictures, it briefly reaches a rare moment of emotional power and wisdom.

A Long Day in November by Ernest J. Gaines. 137 pages. Dial. \$4.95. Gaines (TIME, May 10) is one of the best writers in America, of any color or persuasion. This book, adapted from the longest story in his fine 1968 collection *Bloodline*, tells about a Louisiana black boy and his young parents, who are

haunts. It might make a fine movie, but in print it is very trying indeed.

Sour Land by William H. Armstrong. 117 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.95. The author sometimes seems to be listening in on his own homely eloquence, and he can be more sentimental than is the fashion. His fine book, however, starts with the death of a farm mother and ends with the murder of a Negro teacher who helps her husband and small children live on without her. Armstrong deals evenly and gently with love and death and the land, never exploiting pain for show but never forgetting it either. To considerable effect, his black teacher quotes Lincoln: "Sorrow comes to all; and, to the young, it comes with bitterest agony, because it takes them unawares. The older have learned to ever expect it."

The Cuckoo Tree by Joan Aiken. 314 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95. The creator of one genuine miniature masterpiece (*The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*, 1963), Poet Conrad Aiken's daughter this time carries on the adventures of an 18th century tomboy with the preposterous name of Dida Twite (see *Nightbirds on Nantucket* and *Black Hearts in Battersea*). Before the doings are over, the girl has helped foil a dastardly Hanoverian plot to collapse St. Paul's Cathedral and put a German prince on the British throne. The author is better at creating villains than anybody since Dickens, and as good as Georgette Heyer at peppering her prose with antique words. Readers who hang in there soon take such things as "blobtongues" (squealers) and "mouldywarps" (moles) in stride.

* Timothy Foote



ERNEST GAINES' CHARACTER
Painful, hilarious and humane.

separated because the wife objects to her gadabout husband's secondhand car, coming together again only when he burns it up publicly to get himself back into his wife's good graces. Painful, hilarious and humane, it is so good a story that the illustrations, which are not bad, seem like a desperation.

Gone and Back by Nathaniel Benchley. 144 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.50. The way west, from Nantucket to the Oklahoma territory, told as a tale of comedy, confusion, hopeless ignorance and random death. Though it has its moments, the new realism applied to U.S. history is thin even for a juvenile. The author appears to have read Thomas Berger's *Little Big Man*.

Friend Monkey by P.L. Travers. 284 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$6.95. The first book in nine years by the creator of Mary Poppins. Despite great expectations, it turns out to be a curious, poky narrative that starts and ends on a tropical isle, concerns a dotty Victorian family, a monkey and a hand of men who steal animals from the zoo and smuggle them back to their native

Non Disputandum

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE by Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin. Translated by M.F.K. Fisher. 443 pages. Knopf. \$10.

Brillat-Savarin is best known for the aphorism poached by generations of cookbook compilers: "Tell me what you eat, and I shall tell you what you are." It is merely one of dozens to be found in this exhilarating collection of essays, anecdotes and opinions that has become a gastronomic classic.

The author was a wealthy, conservative lawyer who was born in the old province of Burgundy in 1755. He sat out the French Revolution in America, then went home to re-establish himself in the elegant world of the hunt and the salon. He was Mme. Récamier's cousin and she doted on him. Though he was a much sought-after bachelor, his large and glittering acquaintance apparently took him for granted. He seldom appears in memoirs during an age when practically everybody wrote one. But what great company he must have been. To judge by his book, he was a witty, cheerful, pragmatic man with consummate manners, a fine eye for women and a collection of first-rate anecdotes, which he knew

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GASTRONOME BRILLAT-SAVARIN

For whom the quail fattens.

exactly how to tell. Happiest of all, he had a cloudless soul.

A Catholic who frowned on the decline of Lenten fasting, he justified cultivation of the senses as the divine right of man as lord of nature. "It is for him that the quail fattens, for him that mocha has so sweet a perfume," he observed simply. It followed naturally that gourmandism should be neither gluttony nor voracity but "the impassioned, considered and habitual preference for whatever pleases the taste."

One of the author's most engaging qualities is his fine appreciation of eaters as well as food. He knew his true peers on sight: "People predestined to gourmandism in general have round or square faces, bright eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips and rounded chins." (Dullards of the palate are betrayed by "flat dark hair and a general air of elongation.")

There are other indications. A host should observe his guests when a particular masterpiece appears and "condemn as unworthy all those whose faces do not express their rapture." Among proper feeders there will also be silence during the first course while each man devotes himself "to the great task at hand." Indeed Brillat-Savarin approaches a feast like a happy warrior; nothing pleases him more than "a pretty gourmande in full battle dress."

Had the author confined himself to the table, however, *The Physiology of Taste* would not have nearly its remarkable scope and variety. Fortunately he was a boundlessly curious man with an appetite for facts that outstripped even his taste for truffled turkey. Though he wrote at leisure over a period of years, his work conveys a sense of excitement that has disappeared from even the best culinary writing. He did, after all, live in a time when major discoveries were still being made in food and

its uses. Coffee and chocolate were still mysterious and exotic. Sugar, which had previously been confined to apothecaries' shelves, had been introduced into cooking only a few decades before Brillat-Savarin's time.

A formidable cook, he investigated the properties and uses of all manner of food, and his reports of them are still considered authoritative. But thanks to a faultless sense of pace, his scholarship never becomes oppressive. A chapter on definitions is followed by anecdotes about prodigies of consumption—including an account of a general who downed eight bottles of wine with breakfast, but who won Brillat-Savarin's admiration because he did it "with an air of not touching them."

He was obsessively interested in the digestive process. It was an age when people suffered cruelly from gout, gallstones and kidney ailments. Also, Brillat-Savarin was transparently a frustrated doctor. In the course of an investigation into the sources of taste, he interviewed an Arab whose tongue had been cut out and could barely resist asking for a description of the hideous operation. Needless to say he was also curious about the aphrodisiacal properties of food, and confesses with wry regret that he postponed his research until too late in life to do the right kind of first-hand job on this fascinating topic.

The current book is a re-issue of a limited edition translated and annotated by M.F.K. Fisher 20 years ago. It is clearly a labor of love but suffers somewhat from self-indulgence. The notes contain intrusive personal digressions and scholarly asides. They are not necessary. This is less a reference work than a delightful personal history written with the grand sustaining metaphor of food.

■ Martha Duffy

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Wheels*, Hailey (1 last week)
2. *The Day of the Jackal*, Forsyth (2)
3. *Message from Malago*, MacInnes (3)
4. *The Exorcist*, Blatty (4)
5. *The Winds of War*, Wouk (6)
6. *The Betsy*, Robbins (5)
7. *Rabbit Redux*, Updike (8)
8. *Nemesis*, Christie
9. *Our Gang*, Roth (10)
10. *Bea Island*, MacLean (7)

NONFICTION

1. *Eleonor and Franklin*, Lash (2)
2. *Honor Thy Father*, Talese (1)
3. *Tracy and Hepburn*, Kanin (8)
4. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, Brown (5)
5. *The Lost Whole Earth Catalog*, Portola Institute (6)
6. *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*, Skinner (4)
7. *Any Woman Can*, Reuben (3)
8. *The Vantage Point*, Johnson (9)
9. *Brian Piccolo: A Short Season*, Morris
10. *Jennie, Vol. II: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, 1895-1921*, Martin

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